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CARDINAL POLE.

VOL. III.

CARDINAL POLE:

OR,

THE DAYS OF PHILIP AND MARY.

An Historical Romance.

BY

WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

FROM THE PUBLISHERS

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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BOOK IV.

(CONTINUED.)

SMITHFIELD.

V.

THE PROTO-MARTYR OF THE PROTESTANT CHURCH.

THE solemn proceedings we have described as taking place in the conventual church of Saint Bartholomew occupied more than an hour, and during this time the concourse within Smithfield had considerably increased. Every available inch of ground commanding a view of the place of execution was by this time occupied. The roofs and windows of all the habitations overlooking the enclosure were filled, and the giant elm-trees near the pool had hundreds among their branches. Romanists and Protestants could be readily dis-

tinguished from each other by their looks—the countenances of the former being fierce and exulting in expression, while those of the other bespoke sorrow and indignation.

On the left of the gateway leading to the priory, and opposite the stake, a large scaffold had been erected. It was covered with black cloth, and in front was an immense cross embroidered in silver, underneath which was inscribed, UNUS DOMINUS, UNA FIDES, UNUM BAPTISMA. This scaffold was intended for the recusants and Protestant divines, and was guarded by mounted arquebusiers.

On the right of the gateway was reared a long covered gallery, hung with crimson cloth of gold, and emblazoned with the royal arms. This gallery was approached from the upper windows of the mansion against which it was set, and was reserved for the King, the bishops, and the council. It was likewise guarded by mounted men-at-arms.

The patience of the densely-packed crowd, eager for the exciting spectacle it had come to witness,

was well-nigh exhausted, when the solemn tolling of the bell of the conventual church announced that, at last, the intended martyr was coming forth. Then all noise and tumult suddenly ceased, and deep silence fell upon the throng.

In the midst of this hush the doleful hymn chanted by the monks could be distinctly heard. Every eye was then directed towards the gateway. Presently the priests emerged, carrying the crucifixes and banners, and mounting the scaffold, they ranged themselves in front of it. They were followed by the recusants with lighted torches, who were placed at the back of the scaffold, while the middle seats were allotted to the Protestant divines.

All these proceedings were watched with deep interest by the spectators. Many an eye was then cast towards the royal gallery, but it was still vacant.

As yet nothing had been seen of the doomed man, but now the sheriffs rode forth from the

gateway, and in another moment Rogers came after them, still maintaining his firmness of deportment. He was preceded by half a dozen halberdiers, and followed by two officers, with drawn swords in their hands.

At this moment, Philip came forth, and sat down in the fauteuil prepared for him in the centre of the gallery. Close behind him stood Father Alfonso, while on his right were Gardiner and Bonner, and other prelates, and on his left the principal members of the council.

As Philip appeared, a half-suppressed murmur arose among the spectators, and had not their attention been diverted by what was going on below, stronger manifestations of dislike might have been made. Philip frowned as these murmurs greeted him, but made no remark.

Meanwhile, Rogers continued to march resolutely towards the place of execution — some of the spectators pitying and comforting him, others flouting and reviling him. His firmness, however,

was exposed to a sore trial at the last. His unhappy and half-distracted wife having followed him with her children to Smithfield, had managed to force her way close up to the ring of halberdiers encircling the stake; and as he came up, aided by some charitable persons near her, who drew aside to let her pass, she burst forth, and ere she could be prevented, flung herself into his arms, and was strained to his breast, while his children clung to his knees.

But this agonising scene, which moved most of those who beheld it, whatever their religious opinions might be, was of brief duration. Seeing what had occurred, Sheriff Woodrooffe turned fiercely round, and roared out, "What! here again, thou pestilent woman! Pluck her from him, and take her and her children from the ground."

"Go, dear wife and children," cried Rogers. "We shall meet again in a better world, where none will trouble us. Farewell for a little while

—only a little while! My blessing be upon you!"

"I will not leave you. I will die with you," shrieked his unhappy wife.

"Let these cruel men kill us also," cried one of the younger children—a little girl. "We do not desire to live."

"Pluck them away instantly, I say," roared Woodrooffe. "Why do you hesitate? Do you sympathise with these heretics?"

"Gently, sirs, gently," said Rogers. "See ye not she faints. Farewell, dear wife, he continued, kissing her marble cheek. "You can take her now. She will not struggle more. Be of good cheer, my children. We shall meet again in heaven. Once more, farewell."

As his swooning wife and weeping children were taken away, he covered his face with his hands, and wept aloud, but, roused by the angry voice of the sheriff, he lifted up his head, and, brushing the tears from his eyes, marched with firm foot-

steps into the ring, in the midst of which was planted the stake. No sooner had he come there than a priest advanced towards him, and, holding up a crucifix, besought him to repent.

But Rogers pushed him aside, and, turning to the assemblage, called out, with a loud voice,

"Good people, having taught you nothing but God's holy word, and such lessons as I have learnt from His blessed book, the Holy Bible, I am come hither to seal my faith with my blood."

"Have done, thou false knave!" cried Woodrooffe, "or I will have thy lying tongue torn from thy throat. Make ready. Thou hast detained us long enough."

"Nay, treat him not thus harshly," interposed the priest. "Again, I implore you to renounce your errors."

"You waste time with him, good father," cried the sheriff.

"Not so," rejoined the priest. "Perchance, even now, Heaven may soften his heart."

"I pray you let me be," said Rogers, taking a Prayer-book from his breast, and turning the leaves.

"Thou shalt not read that book," cried the sheriff, snatching it from him. "I will cast it into the fire with thee. Make ready, I say."

On this Rogers went up to the stake, and pressing his lips fervently to it, exclaimed, "Welcome the cross of Christ! Welcome eternal life!"

On turning round, he would have addressed a few more words to the people, but the sheriff, perceiving his design, authoritatively forbade him.

Then one of the men standing near the stake came up and besought his forgiveness.

"Forgiveness for what?" rejoined Rogers. "Thou hast done me no injury that I know of."

"I am one of those appointed to burn you," replied the man.

"Nay, then, I freely forgive thee, good fellow," replied Rogers. "And I will give thee thanks also, if thou wilt heap plenty of wood about me."

With that, he took off his gown and doublet, and bestowed them upon the man. Then, kneeling down by the stake, he passed a few moments in deep and earnest prayer; after which he arose, and said, in a firm voice, "I am ready."

Thereupon, a smith and his man, who were in attendance with the sheriffs, stepped forward, and putting the chain around him, fastened it at the back of the stake. An iron hoop was likewise passed around his body, and nailed to the post.

Then the men with the prongs began to pile the fagots around him, mingling them with bundles of reeds.

"Are your fagots dry?" he inquired, as they were thus engaged.

"Ay, marry are they," replied the man to whom he had given his cloak and doublet. "You shall not be long a-burning, I'll warrant you."

When sufficient fagots had been heaped around him, Sheriff Woodrooffe called for torches, which

were brought, but ere they could be applied, the priest again interposed.

"Hold yet a moment," he exclaimed.

Then advancing towards the martyr, who, chained to the stake and half covered by the fagots, regarded him steadily, he displayed a warrant to him, and said, "Here is the Queen's pardon. Recant, I conjure thee, and thou shalt be spared."

"Away with thee, tempter!" exclaimed Rogers. "I take you all to witness," he added, with a loud voice, "that I die in the Protestant faith."

"Kindle the pile instantly!" vociferated the sheriff.

Three blazing torches were then applied to the bundles of reeds, and the next moment the flames leaped up and enveloped the martyr.

Many of the beholders shouted and exulted at the terrific spectacle, but groans and lamentations burst from others.

Then the flame fell for a moment, and the serene countenance of the martyr could be de-

scried, his lips moving in prayer. But not a groan or a cry escaped him.

The fagots now began to crackle and blaze. The flames mounted higher and higher, and again wrapped the martyr from view.

At this moment the sheriff threw the Prayer-book into the fire, commanding the assistants to heap on fresh fagots as fast as the others were consumed; and this was continued till the sufferer was reduced to ashes.

Thus died the Proto-martyr of the Protestant Church.

End of the Fourth Book.

BOOK V.

THE INSURRECTION.

I.

WHAT PASSED BETWEEN OSBERT AND CONSTANCE IN THE SACRISTY.

On the King's departure from the sacristy, as previously narrated, Constance immediately released Osbert from the ambry, and the unhappy lovers, rushing into each other's arms, forgot for a short space the perilous position in which they were placed. At last, Osbert, partially disengaging himself from the mistress of his heart, exclaimed with bitterness,

"What have we done that we should suffer thus severely? Heaven seems never weary of per-

secuting us. Yet we have committed no fault save that of loving each other."

"Alas!" cried Constance, "it would seem that we are never to be united on earth, since we meet only for a moment, to be torn asunder. We must look for happiness beyond the grave."

"That is but cold comfort, Constance," cried Osbert. "I cling to life and hope. I yet hope to make you my bride, and to spend years in your society—happy, happy years, which shall make amends for all the misery we have undergone."

"It would, indeed, be bliss to dwell together as you say," replied Constance; "but fate opposes us, and to struggle against our destiny would be vain. The trials we experience are given us for our benefit, and ought to be borne cheerfully. At this very moment, within a short distance of us, a martyr is purchasing by a cruel death a crown of glory and a place in heaven. Hark to those cries!" she exclaimed, as shouts were heard without; "perchance he is now bound to the stake. I am thank-

ful to be spared the frightful spectacle, but I can pray for him here."

And she knelt down on the pavement, and prayed aloud.

While she was thus engaged, Osbert glanced anxiously around in search of some means of escape, but could discover none. The sacristy was lighted by two lancet-shaped windows, but they were narrow, and barred outside.

"Despair!" he exclaimed, in half-frenzied accents, as his search concluded. "Flight is impossible. We are lost."

But Constance's thoughts were with the martyr in Smithfield, and the appalling scene seemed to be passing before her eyes. Suddenly she shrieked out, "The fire is kindled. I can see the red reflexion of the flames through yonder windows. Oh, it is horrible. Would I were back with the good Cardinal!"

"Would you were!" ejaculated Osbert. "But I fear you will never behold him more. The

King will be here presently, and will require an answer. What will you say to him?"

"Say! What shall I say?" cried Constance, bewildered.

"Ask me not," rejoined Osbert, in a sombre voice. "Take this dagger," he added, placing a poniard in her hand. "Conceal it about your person. You may need it."

"This dagger!" she cried, regarding the weapon. "What am I to do with it?"

"Should the worst befal, plunge it in the King's heart, or your own," he rejoined.

"I cannot," she replied, letting the poniard fall upon the pavement. "I will not commit a crime that would doom me to perdition. Were I, in a moment of desperation, to do as you suggest, all hope of our reunion in a better world would be over. Then, indeed, I should be lost to you for ever."

"But this inexorable demon will be here anon," cried Osbert, picking up the dagger. "The

thought drives me mad. Would that these strong walls could crack asunder to let us pass, or the floor yawn and swallow us up. Anything to avoid him."

"Fresh shouts! more light against yon windows! They are adding fuel to the fire!" cried Constance. "'Twill be over soon."

"And then the King will come hither," said Osbert. "Are you prepared for him?"

"Fully prepared," she rejoined. "Return to your place of concealment, lest he should appear suddenly."

"No, I will remain here, and brave his anger," said Osbert.

"Oh, do not act thus rashly!" she exclaimed. "You can render me no aid, and will only place yourself in needless peril."

"I have no desire to live. Let the tyrant wreak his utmost vengeance upon me if he will. Ha! he comes," he cried, as the key grated in the lock, and the door opened.

It was not the King, however, but Rodomont Bittern, who entered.

"Just as I expected!" exclaimed Rodomont. "Prudence is not to be looked for in a lover. I was certain I should find you talking to your mistress, and therefore I came to warn you that the King will be here directly. Back to the ambry at once."

"No more hiding for me," returned Osbert. "I shall remain where I am."

"And be sent to the Tower, and have your head chopped off for your pains," observed Rodomont. "What service will that do to Mistress Constance?"

"It will only tend to make me more wretched," she rejoined. "If you love me," she added to Osbert, "you will not expose yourself to this great danger."

"There, you cannot resist that!" cried Rodomont. "Back to the ambry at once," he con-

tinued, pushing him towards it. "And as you value your head, do not stir till the coast is clear."

"I cannot answer for myself," remarked Osbert, as he got into the cupboard. "A word from the King will bring me forth."

"Then I'll answer for you," said Rodomont, locking the ambry, and taking away the key. "That's the only chance of keeping him out of harm's way. Be not cast down, fair mistress," he added to Constance. "The Cardinal will protect you."

"Were I with him I should have no fear," she replied. "He would shield me against all wrong; but I am now in the King's power, and he has threatened to deliver me to Bishop Bonner."

"And if his Majesty should so dispose of you, 'twill be but a brief confinement, for the Cardinal will speedily have you back. So be of good cheer. But hist! there is a stir within the church. The dread ceremony is over. I must leave you, or the

King will find me here. Keep up your courage, I say."

With this he quitted the chamber, and made fast the door outside.

II.

HOW FATHER ALFONSO INTERPOSED IN CONSTANCE'S BEHALF.

AFTER a brief interval, but which appeared like an age to Constance, the door was again thrown open, and Philip entered the sacristy. To judge by his looks, no one would have supposed that he was fresh from the terrible spectacle he had just witnessed.

"One would think that burning must be pleasant to those tainted with heresy," he observed. "The wretch who has just suffered for his contumacy smiled as the pile was lighted. But it was

not to speak of him that I came here, but of yourself, Constance. Have you reflected?"

"I did not need to reflect, sire. My determination was instantly formed, and is unalterable."

"You will regret it, Constance—bitterly regret it. Consider what you sacrifice—life, and all that can render life attractive—for a solitary cell, and a fiery death in Smithfield."

"I require no consideration, sire. I choose the dungeon and the stake."

"Yet a moment," urged Philip. "Bishop Bonner is without, but I am unwilling to summon him."

"Do not hesitate, sire. I have said that my determination is unalterable."

After regarding her steadfastly for a few moments, and perceiving that she manifested no symptoms of relenting, Philip moved slowly towards the door, and, on reaching it, paused, and again looked at her fixedly. But, as she still continued firm, he summoned Bonner, who imme-

diately afterwards entered with Father Alfonso. The bishop's features were flushed with triumph, but the Spanish friar appeared grave and sad, and his cheeks were almost livid in hue.

"Here is another obstinate heretic for you, my lord," said the King, pointing to Constance. "Take her, and see what you can do with her."

"If the Lord Cardinal and your Majesty have failed in bringing her to reason, I shall stand but a poor chance of doing so," replied Bonner. "Nevertheless, I will essay. You must not expect the same gentle treatment from me, mistress," he added, in a harsh voice, to Constance, "that you have lately experienced from the Cardinal."

"I do not expect it, my lord," she rejoined.

"He has been far too indulgent," pursued Bonner. "You have been free to roam about the palace gardens—have had your own attendants and your own chamber, as if you were the Cardinal's guest and not his prisoner—have been

exempted from mass, and other privileges, wholly inconsistent with your state. None of these immunities will you enjoy with me. You will have no garden to walk in, but a prison court with high walls—no dainty and luxurious chamber, but a close cell—no better fare than bread-and-water—no attendant save the gaoler—none to converse with except the priest. This is the plan I shall pursue with you. If it fails, and you continue obstinate, you need not be reminded of your doom."

For a moment there was a pause. Constance then addressed herself to the King, and, speaking with a spirit which she had never previously displayed before him, said, "I protest against this course, sire. If I am a prisoner at all, I am the Lord Cardinal's prisoner. I was placed in his Eminence's charge by the Queen's Majesty, and I demand to be taken back to him. If I be not, but be illegally and unjustly detained by the bishop, let his lordship look to it, for assuredly

he will have to render a strict account to the Cardinal. I have been brought hither in virtue of a warrant from her Majesty, which compels my attendance at this execution, but the warrant declares that I am to be taken back, and this the bishop engaged to do."

"Is this so?" demanded Philip.

"I cannot deny it," replied Bonner; "but your Majesty can overrule the order."

"The King will not follow such ill counsel," said Constance. "If I be not taken back in accordance with the warrant, both her Majesty and the Cardinal will be sore displeased."

"The damsel speaks boldly yet truthfully, sire," interposed Father Alfonso, "and has right on her side. The bishop admits that she was brought here under her Majesty's warrant, and does not deny that he undertook to take her back to the Cardinal. If this be not done, his Eminence will have just ground of displeasure. Furthermore, since Mistress Constance was placed by the Queen

under the Cardinal's charge, her Majesty's consent must be obtained ere she can be removed."

"But the King can set at nought the warrant," cried Bonner, "and can remove the damsel from the Cardinal's charge if he thinks fit."

"Doubtless his Majesty can act as he may deem meet," rejoined Father Alfonso; "but your lordship can scarce expect to escape blame in the affair. The Queen is certain to resent the disrespect shown to her authority, and the Cardinal will be equally indignant at the interference with him. Both will visit their displeasure on your head."

"But you will hold me harmless, sire?" said Bonner.

"Nay, my lord, I care not to quarrel with the Cardinal," rejoined Philip. "You must bear the brunt of his anger."

"And also of the Queen's displeasure," remarked Father Alfonso. "Her Majesty takes great interest in this damsel, and had a special

design in placing her under the Cardinal's care. If her plan be thwarted——"

"Enough, good father, enough!" interrupted Bonner. "Unsupported by your Majesty, I dare not act in opposition to the Queen and the Cardinal, and consequently Mistress Constance must go back to Lambeth Palace."

"Thank Heaven I am saved!" exclaimed Constance, clasping her hands fervently.

"Be not too sure of that," muttered Bonner, with the growl of a tiger robbed of his prey.

"Your lordship is right," observed Philip, who for a moment had been buried in thought. "Direct opposition to the Cardinal might be fraught with ill consequences. Let Mistress Constance go back to Lambeth Palace. But ere many days—perchance to-morrow — the Cardinal shall be compelled to yield her up to you. The Queen herself shall give you the order."

"I do not think her Majesty will sign such an order," observed Father Alfonso.

"Be content, my lord, you shall have it," said the King significantly to Bonner.

"There is another prisoner in the Lollards' Tower whom I fain would have, sire," observed the bishop.

"You mean the crazy fanatic, Derrick Carver," rejoined Philip. "He shall be given up to you at the same time as Constance. Come to Whitehall betimes to-morrow, and I will procure you the warrant from her Majesty. Meanwhile, let Constance go back."

"Your injunctions shall be obeyed, sire. Ere long, I hope to offer your Majesty a grand auto-da-fé at Smithfield."

"If his Majesty will be guided by me, he will not attend another such dreadful execution as we have this day witnessed," observed Father Alfonso.

"Why so, father?" demanded the King.

"Because you will infallibly lose your popularity with the nation, sire," said Father Alfonso.

"The odium of these executions will attach to you, instead of to their authors."

"There is something in this," observed Philip, thoughtfully. "We will talk of it anon. Farewell, my lord. To-morrow morning at Whitehall." And with a glance at Constance he quitted the sacristy, attended by his confessor.

After addressing a few harsh words to Constance, for whom he seemed to have conceived an extraordinary antipathy, Bonner likewise quitted the chamber.

Shortly afterwards, Rodomont entered, and hurrying to the ambry, unlocked it, and set Osbert free.

Again the unhappy lovers rushed into each other's arms, but Rodomont thought it necessary to interpose, saying there was no time for the indulgence of such transports now, but urging them to bid each other farewell.

"You heard what passed just now," remarked Constance to Osbert; "I am to be taken back to the good Cardinal."

"True; but to-morrow he will be compelled to surrender you to Bonner," rejoined Osbert.

"Do not believe it, fair mistress," said Rodomont. "His Eminence will protect you. You have escaped many difficulties, and may be equally fortunate now. You are to return with the procession to Saint Paul's, after which you will be taken to Lambeth Palace."

"Farewell, Constance," said Osbert, straining her to his breast.

"Make haste!" cried Rodomont, impatiently, "or we shall have the guard here, and then there will be a fresh entanglement. Methinks I hear their footsteps. Quick! quick!"

"I come," rejoined Constance.

And tearing herself from her lover, she followed him out of the sacristy. The door being left open, Osbert allowed a brief interval to elapse, and then issued forth into the church, which by this time was well-nigh deserted.

III.

HOW OSBERT WAS INDUCED TO JOIN A CONSPIRACY.

AMONGST those who witnessed the burning of Rogers was the French ambassador. On quitting Smithfield, he repaired to the court adjoining the conventual church, and was watching the religious procession set out on its return to Saint Paul's, when he noticed Osbert Clinton, whose eyes were following the retreating figure of Constance. Approaching him, De Noailles said, in a low voice, "I am sorry to see poor Constance Tyrrell among those recusants. Has she been delivered over to Bonner's *chambre ardente?*"

"Not as yet," rejoined Osbert, in a troubled tone.

"I trust she never may be," said De Noailles, "for Bonner has no pity for a heretic. Youth and beauty weigh very little with him. 'Tis enough to drive one mad to think that so lovely a creature should be his victim!"

"She never shall be!" exclaimed Osbert, moodily.

"How will you hinder it?" said De Noailles. "Can you snatch her from his grasp if he once secures her? Can you unlock the prison in which she will be immured? Dare you even approach her now? How, then, will you be able to free her, when she is led to the stake, escorted by a guard as strong as that which accompanied the poor wretch who has just been sacrificed?"

"Torture me not thus!" cried Osbert. "I feel as though I could sell myself to perdition to accomplish her deliverance."

"You shall not need to do that," observed De Noailles, perceiving that Osbert was in the right

frame of mind for his purpose. "Now listen to me. A plot is hatching, having for its object the overthrow of Philip, the deposition of Mary, and the restoration of the Protestant faith, as a guarantee for which the Princess Elizabeth is to be proclaimed Queen. With this movement all the heads of the Protestant party are connected, and only await a favourable moment for an outbreak. That moment is at hand. The execution which has just taken place is but the prelude to others equally dreadful. In a few days Bishop Hooper will be burnt at Gloucester, Saunders at Coventry, and Taylor at Hadley; and, ere the month be out, others will swell the fearful catalogue. Thoroughly alarmed, the Protestants feel that, if they do not offer prompt and effectual resistance, they will be exterminated. It is certain, therefore, that they will all rise when called upon, and, if well managed, the scheme cannot fail of success."

"What has this plot to do with Constance Tyrrell?" demanded Osbert.

"Much," replied the other. "Join us, and I will engage to procure her liberation."

"On those terms I will join you," said Osbert. "What would you have me do?"

"I cannot explain our plans now. But meet me to-morrow, at midnight, in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, and I will introduce you to the chief conspirators."

"I will be there at the hour appointed," said Osbert. "Till then, farewell!"

And moving away, he followed the procession to Saint Paul's, leaving De Noailles well satisfied with his manœuvre.

IV.

WHAT PHILIP HEARD WHILE CONCEALED BEHIND THE ARRAS.

NEXT day, in the forenoon, Bishop Bonner repaired to Whitehall Palace, and found the King in a cabinet communicating with the great gallery. Philip was seated at a table covered with despatches, and near him stood Rodomont Bittern, with whom he was conversing.

"I am glad you are come, my lord," said the King to Bonner, as the latter entered the cabinet. "This gentleman is the bearer of a letter from the Lord Cardinal to her Majesty, in which his Eminence solicits an audience of her on a matter of

importance. The Cardinal will be here at noon, and the important matter on which he comes relates to the delivery of Constance Tyrrell to your lordship. Is it not so, sir?" he added to Rodomont.

"It is, my liege," replied the other. "His Eminence is unwilling to give up the maiden, and desires to ascertain the Queen's pleasure on the subject. As I have already told your Majesty, the Cardinal was much troubled on learning from Mistress Constance what had befallen her, and he declared that unless he had the Queen's positive commands to that effect he would not surrender her to the ecclesiastical commissioners. I do not think I ever saw him more moved."

"I make no doubt that his Eminence blamed me, sir?" remarked Bonner.

"To speak truth, my lord, he did," replied Rodomont; "and he said plainly to Lord Priuli that you should not have the damsel."

"Your Majesty hears that?" cried Bonner. "This proud Cardinal defies your authority."

"Nay, there was no defiance on his Eminence's part of the King's Highness," observed Rodomont, "but only of your lordship. The representative of his Holiness, he said, should not be insulted with impunity, and he added some words which I care not to repeat, but they spoke of reprimands, censures, and possible privation of dignity."

"His Eminence takes up the matter with great warmth," observed Bonner, uneasily.

"I have never known him so put out before," said Rodomont. "He paced to and fro within his chamber for an hour, and the Lord Priuli could scarce pacify him. This morning, after an interview with Mistress Constance, his anger broke out afresh, and he despatched me with a letter to her Majesty, craving an audience at noon. This is all I have to state. I have thought it right to warn

your lordship that if you think fit to persist in the matter, you may know what to expect."

"Enough, sir," observed the King. "You may withdraw."

Rodomont bowed and retired, laughing in his sleeve at the fright he had given Bonner. "Heaven forgive me for making a bugbear of the good Cardinal," he muttered; "but the trick seems to have succeeded."

"So, the Cardinal is determined to try his strength with us," observed Philip, as soon as he and Bonner were left alone.

"I must beg to retire from the contest, sire," replied the bishop. "Whoever wins, I am sure to lose by it."

"Tut! I will bear you harmless," rejoined the King. "But the Cardinal will be here anon. I must prepare the Queen for his arrival."

"I would your Majesty could be prevailed upon to abandon this design," observed Bonner. "It

will lead to nothing save trouble and confusion. Ever after I shall have the Cardinal for an enemy."

"You alarm yourself needlessly," rejoined Philip. "That knave purposely exaggerated his master's anger. The Cardinal knows full well that the act is mine, and not your lordship's."

With this, he passed through a side-door, and, accompanied by the bishop, entered a large and magnificently furnished apartment, embellished with portraits of Henry VIII. and his family. No one was within this superb room, and after traversing it, the King and Bonner reached an ante-chamber, in which were assembled a number of pages, esquires, and ushers in the royal livery.

On seeing the King, these personages drew up and bowed reverently as he passed, while two gentleman ushers, each bearing a white wand, marshalled him ceremoniously towards the entrance of the Queen's apartments, before which stood a

couple of tall yeomen of the guard with halberds in their hands.

As he approached this door, Sir John Gage came forth, and Philip inquired if the Queen was alone. The Lord Chamberlain replied in the affirmative, but added that Cardinal Pole was momentarily expected, and that he himself had come forth to receive his Eminence.

"It is well," replied Philip. "When the Cardinal comes, do not mention to him that I am with her Majesty. I pray your lordship to remain here till you are summoned," he added to Bonner.

With this he passed through the door, which was thrown open by the ushers, and entered the Queen's chamber — a spacious apartment, richly furnished, hung with tapestry, and adorned with many noble pictures, chief among which were portraits of the Queen's ill-fated mother by Holbein, and of her royal husband by Sir Antonio More.

Mary was seated at a table placed near a deep bay-window. She occupied a large armed-chair, and was reading a book of devotions. Her attire was of purple velvet, and a coif set with precious stones adorned her head. A smile lighted up her pallid countenance on the King's entrance.

"I give your Majesty good day," she said. "To what do I owe the pleasure of this visit?"

"You expect the Cardinal," rejoined Philip, abruptly and sternly. "Do you know what brings him here?"

"I do not," she answered. "But I shall be glad to see him, as I desire to consult him as to the restitution of the Church property vested in the crown during the King my father's reign."

"Reserve that for another occasion, madam," said Philip. "The Cardinal's errand relates to Constance Tyrrell."

"Ha!" exclaimed Mary, startled. "What has he to say concerning her?"

"That you will learn on his arrival," rejoined

Philip. "But it is my pleasure that she be removed from his custody and delivered to Bishop Bonner."

"Then his Eminence has failed to reclaim her?"

"Signally. Nothing remains but to try extreme rigour, and if that will not effect her conversion, the laws she has offended must deal with her."

"I pity this unhappy maiden, albeit she continues obstinate," said Mary. "Be not angry if I tell you that I designed to marry her to your secretary, Osbert Clinton, to whom she is betrothed."

"She shall never wed him," said Philip, harshly. "Why should you meddle in the matter? Has Osbert Clinton dared to prefer this request to you?"

"No, on my soul," replied Mary. "But I know the girl loves him tenderly, and, had she recanted, it was my design to reward her with the husband of her choice."

"But she does not recant, I tell you, madam,"

cried Philip, "so it is idle to speculate on what might have been. It is my will that she be delivered up to Bonner. But the order must proceed from yourself, not from me. Thus, when the Cardinal comes, you will be prepared with an answer to him."

"But let me first hear what he has to urge," objected the Queen.

"No matter what he urges," rejoined Philip. "Lay your commands upon him, as I have intimated. Nay, I will be obeyed," he added, authoritatively.

Mary sighed, but made no further remonstrance.

"The Cardinal must be at hand," continued Philip. "By your leave, I will be an unseen witness of the interview."

And he stepped behind the arras, near which the Queen was seated.

"He distrusts me," murmured Mary; "and, in sooth, he has imposed a most painful task upon me."

Shortly afterwards, the Cardinal was announced, and, greeting him kindly, the Queen begged him to take a seat by her side.

"If your Majesty has heard what occurred yesterday in Saint Bartholomew's Church at Smithfield," premised Pole, "you will guess the object of my visit. Constance Tyrrell, whom you confided to my charge, and whom I yet hope to reclaim, is to be wrested from me. But I shall refuse to deliver her up."

"Your Eminence must needs comply with my order," said Mary.

"True, madam," replied the Cardinal. "But I do not believe you will give any such order, when I say that in surrendering her I shall only be consigning her to infamy and dishonour."

"I pray your Eminence to explain yourself," said Mary.

"It is painful to me to speak out," replied Pole, "but I cannot allow this unhappy maiden to be sacrificed. She has opened her heart to me, and

has confessed all. Blinded by an insane and wicked passion for her, the King, since his first accidental meeting with her at Southampton, has never ceased to persecute her with his dishonourable solicitations. Yesterday, during that dread ceremonial, when, terrified and fainting, she was borne into the sacristy of Saint Bartholomew's Church, he renewed his unholy suit, and bade her choose between his love and deliverance up to Bishop Bonner. I doubt not that she would sustain this trial, as she has sustained others. I do not think that imprisonment or torture would shake her. But why should she be exposed to such treatment? Madam, this is not the case of an heretical offender. Constance Tyrrell is to be imprisoned, is to be tortured, is perhaps to suffer a fiery death, not on account of her religious opinions, but because she has virtue enough to resist the King. Madam, such wrong shall not be, while I can raise my voice against it."

"It shall not be," said Mary. "Is Bonner a

party to this foul transaction? If so, as I live, I will strip him of his priestly robes."

"No, madam," replied Pole. "I must acquit Bonner of any complicity in the affair. He merely looks for a victim."

"He shall not find one in Constance Tyrrell," said Mary. "My heart bleeds for her."

"Well it may, madam," replied Pole. "A sad fatality has rested upon her ever since the King's arrival in Southampton, when her marvellous beauty attracted his attention, and excited a passion which nothing apparently can subdue."

"He saw her before he beheld me, and loved her better than he loved me!" cried Mary, bitterly. "Something of this I suspected, but I thought I had removed her from his influence by taking her with me to Winchester."

"Ay, but the King contrived to obtain a secret interview with the damsel before your departure," said Pole, "and this is the only part of her conduct that deserves censure. Moved by his passionate

words and captivating manner, which few could resist, she listened to him, and at last owned she loved him, or thought she loved him."

"Oh! I know his power!" cried Mary. "He exercised the same fascination over me."

"But withdrawn from his baneful influence, poor Constance bitterly repented of the error into which she had been led, and, by the advice of Father Jerome, the good priest of Saint Catherine's Chapel at Winchester, to whom she confessed her fault, she left with him a tablet of gold, enriched with precious stones, which had been given her by the King as a gage of love. By Father Jerome's advice, also, she quitted Winchester and returned to her father at Southampton, the good priest dreading lest, if she remained with your Majesty, she might be exposed to further temptation."

"Father Jerome did right," said Mary; "and, perchance, he saved her from dishonour."

"Up to this time, Constance had been a zealous Catholic," pursued Pole; "but, while attending

Derrick Carver at the Hospital of the Domus Dei at Southampton, she imbibed his pernicious doctrines, and embraced the Reformed faith. This deplorable change, I fear, is attributable to the King."

"Methinks your Eminence is unjust there," observed Mary.

"My grounds for the opinion are these," replied Pole. "Constance's nature is devout and impressionable. Full of grief and remorse, she was thrown into the way of Carver, who took advantage of her troubled state of mind to accomplish her conversion. Had I met her at that time she would not have been lost to us, and I still trust she may be recovered. With the rest of her history your Majesty is acquainted. It is a series of misfortunes; neither does it seem likely she will ever be wedded to him she loves. Happy had it been for her that she had never excited the King's love! happy had it been for her that her faith had not been unsettled, and that she had been

able to pass her life in holy and tranquil retirement. But her destiny was otherwise. She has abjured her religion—she has lost her father's affection—she has endured imprisonment—but, though sorely tempted, she has not sinned. Be it yours, gracious madam, to preserve her from further suffering—from further temptation."

"What can I do?" cried Mary. "I have promised the King an order for her removal from your Eminence, and deliverance up to Bonner."

"Madam, if that order be given and acted upon, I shall resist it," replied Pole.

"Heaven aid me!" exclaimed the Queen. "I am sorely perplexed, and know not how to act for the best."

"Consult the King, your husband, madam," rejoined the Cardinal. "Tell him what I have told you, and of my resolution."

"I shall not need to be told," said Philip coming from behind the arras. "I have heard all that has passed between you and her Majesty."

"I shrink from nothing I have uttered, sire," rejoined Pole. "I should have spoken with equal freedom had you stood before me. But I beseech you pursue not this matter further. Consequences you may not foresee will flow from it. You will array against you a force stronger than you can resist. I may be compelled to yield, but my voice will be heard, and its echoes may shake your throne to its foundations."

"Your Eminence menaces me," cried Philip, sternly.

"No, sire, I warn you," rejoined the Cardinal, with dignity. "You are on a perilous path, from which it were wise to turn back."

"Your Eminence seems to have forgotten your former experiences, and how you fared in your struggle with her Majesty's royal father," observed Philip. "In those days the priesthood received a lesson from the crown which it would be well if they remembered. The proudest of them, Wolsey, was hurled from his high place. I warn

you, therefore, of your danger before you enter upon a conflict with me. What Henry VIII. accomplished may be done again. If the priesthood wax insolent they may be crushed. The Papal authority has been just restored, but it can be easily shaken off again. Your Eminence has but recently returned from a long exile, and you may have to endure a second banishment."

"I shall do my duty without fear, sire," replied Pole, firmly. "I well know what my resistance to the will of King Henry cost me. Because he could not reach me he struck at those most dear to me—at my sainted mother, the Countess of Salisbury, at my beloved brother, the Lord Montague, at my friends the Marquis of Exeter and Sir Edward Nevil, and at the young and gallant Earl of Surrey. On all these he wreaked the vengeance which ought to have alighted on my head. But I shall not fly now. I shall stay to answer for my acts in person."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Philip, changing his tone.

"Your Eminence takes the matter too seriously. I desire no quarrel with you, or with the Church. It would be idle to do so on an affair so trifling as the present."

"The affair is not trifling, sire," rejoined Pole. "The liberty, the honour, the life of a poor damsel are at stake."

"That is your Eminence's version of the business," said Philip. "You are simply protecting a heretic. I counsel you to give up the girl peaceably. 'Twill be best."

"I have already stated my determination, sire," rejoined Pole. "Madam, I take my leave."

"Stop, my Lord Cardinal," cried Mary. "Depart not thus, I beseech you. For my sake, tarry a few minutes longer. Perchance his Majesty may relent."

"I would tarry till midnight if I thought so," replied Pole. "Oh, sire," he added to Philip, "let me make a final appeal to the latent generosity and goodness of your nature. You have many high

and noble qualities, inherited from your august father. Let them sway you now. Be not governed by wild and unhallowed passions, the gratification of which will endanger your eternal welfare. If you sin, you must not hope to escape chastisement; and as your sin will be great, so will your chastisement be severe. Wrongs, such as you would inflict upon her Majesty, are visited with Heaven's direst wrath, and years of prayer and penance will not procure you pardon. Cast off these delusions and snares. You are fortunately united to a Queen as eminent for virtue as for rank, whose heart is entirely given to you, and who has just proved that she will obey you in all things. In every respect she is worthy of your love. She is your equal in birth, devout and pure, a loving wife, and a great Queen. To sacrifice her true and holy affection for lighter love would be unpardonable ingratitude. In all the highest qualifications of a woman, as purity, piety, judgment, discretion, dignity, none can surpass your consort, and you

must be insensible indeed not to estimate her merits aright."

"I do estimate them—estimate them at their true worth," cried Philip. "Your Eminence has roused the better nature in me, and made me sensible of my faults, and ashamed of them. Forgive me, madam," he added to Mary.

And as he spoke he approached the Queen, who threw her arms fondly about his neck, exclaiming, "Oh, my good Lord Cardinal, I owe this happiness to you."

"I am equally beholden to his Eminence," said Philip. "He has spoken the truth to me, and awakened me to a sense of my folly."

"I have called your Majesty's good feelings into play, that is all," rejoined Pole. "Henceforth, I trust that nothing will disturb the good understanding that ought to subsist between you and your royal consort. Pardon me if I press you further, sire. Your heart being opened to kindly emotions, you will not refuse to listen to me. It is

in your power to make ample amends to poor Constance Tyrrell for the misery she has endured, by giving your consent to her marriage with Osbert Clinton."

"I will add my entreaties to those of the Cardinal," said the Queen. "Let it be so, I pray you."

"If your Eminence will reclaim her from heresy I will not refuse my consent," replied Philip.

"I ask no more," rejoined Pole; "and I trust their nuptials will not long be delayed."

"They shall never take place," mentally ejaculated Philip. "Your Majesty may desire some private converse with his Eminence," he added to the Queen. "I will go and dismiss Bonner, who is waiting without. He will not trouble your Eminence further."

And he quitted the chamber.

V.

HOW THE QUEEN CONSULTED WITH THE CARDINAL.

PRAYING the Cardinal to resume his seat by her, Mary said, "There is a matter on which I desire to consult your Eminence. I cannot reconcile it to my conscience to retain the revenues arising from the Church lands, which were unlawfully vested in the crown during the late schism; but the Lord Chancellor, to whom I have spoken on the subject, seeks to dissuade me from my purpose, and declares that if I part with these large revenues, which amount to well-nigh a hundred thousand pounds a year, I shall not be able to

maintain my dignity. To this objection, I replied in all sincerity, that I value my salvation more than ten crowns like that of England, and that I would not endanger my heavenly inheritance for all the wealth the world can offer. Still Gardiner opposes me, and says that the giving up of my revenues will be taken ill by those who are in possession of the abbey lands and other property of the Church, possession of which has been secured to them by the papal bull sent to your Eminence. But I see not why I should not set the holders of these ill-gotten treasures a good example. Peradventure some of them may follow it."

"I trust so, madam," replied Pole; "and I applaud your resolution, for though you may impoverish your exchequer, yet you will lay up a far greater treasure for future enjoyment in heaven. The bull to which you refer was sent by the Pope at the solicitation of Gardiner, to prevent the opposition of certain nobles to reconciliation with the See of Rome, but his Holiness's real senti-

ments may be judged by another bull which he has just sent into Germany, excommunicating all who may keep any abbey or church lands, and placing under the like ban all princes, prelates, and magistrates, who shall refuse to assist in the execution of the bull. Though the bull is addressed to Germany, it undoubtedly applies to this country as well, since his Holiness can never regard those with favour who have enriched themselves with the spoils of the Church. Moreover, the Church is poor, and some provision must be made for its wants."

"Provision *shall* be made for it," replied Mary. "I feel with horror that I myself may be excommunicated. But the load shall be removed from my soul. All the crown revenues, derived from the source I have mentioned, shall be relinquished, and placed at the disposal of your Eminence, to be applied in such manner as you may deem fit, for the benefit of the clergy, and the augmentation of small livings."

"Your Majesty will do a great and disinterested act, which will for ever redound to your credit, and secure you the prayers of the whole Church," said Pole. "I will take care that the revenues entrusted to me are properly applied."

"I would I could go still further," observed Mary, "and procure an act to compel the restoration of Church property, in whatever hands it may be. Think you it could be done?"

"I do not believe such an act could be procured, madam," replied Pole. "Certain I am that it would not be prudent to attempt to obtain it at this juncture. Let us wait to see the effect of your own great action."

"I yield to your judgment," said Mary. "It is my intention to re-establish three monasteries dissolved by the King, my father—namely, the Grey Friars at Greenwich, the Carthusians at Sheen, and the Briggittines at Sion."

"Heaven has stirred your heart to much good

work, madam," said the Cardinal. "The Church will have cause to bless your name."

"Yet another matter," observed the Queen. "I desire to have masses said for the repose of my father's soul, and would fain endow a church for that especial purpose."

"Alas! madam, I cannot aid you there,' replied Pole. "His Holiness will never permit the endowment of a church for the benefit of the soul of so determined a foe to the See of Rome as Henry VIII. No priest will pray for him."

"But I can pray for him, and do so daily," rejoined Mary. "I trust his heavily-laden soul is not beyond the reach of intercession. Since I may not endow a church to say masses for him, I will augment the revenues of the college he re-founded at Cambridge, in the hope that those who are taught there may pray for the soul of their benefactor."

"A pious act, madam," said Pole, "and I trust it may be profitable to your father's soul."

"All these things I do, my Lord Cardinal," pursued Mary, "in preparation for my hour of travail, when I may be called away suddenly from this transitory life. If I should be, you will religiously fulfil my designs."

"By Heaven's grace, madam, I will accomplish the work you confide to me," said the Cardinal. "The goods of the Church shall be restored to holy uses, and all other things done as you have appointed."

"One question more, and I have done," said Mary. "I am about to make my will, and propose to settle the crown on the King my husband, after my decease."

"Is his Majesty aware of your intention, madam?" inquired the Cardinal.

"It is his wish that I should do so," replied Mary.

"So I suspected," said Pole. "Madam, as your kinsman and faithful counsellor, as your loyal and loving subject, I implore you not to make the will

you propose. Englishmen will never accept a Spaniard as their sovereign, and if you bequeath your kingdom to your husband, your will will assuredly be set aside."

"But the King has caused the will to be prepared," said Mary.

"Ha! has it gone so far as that?" cried Pole.

"It will be brought to me this very day for my signature," replied Mary.

"Have you consulted the Lord Chancellor and the council, madam?" demanded Pole.

"I have consulted no one," she replied. "The King enjoined me not to do so. But I could not help confiding the matter to your Eminence, knowing your affection for me."

"By that affection, of which you know the depth and sincerity, I charge you not to execute that will, madam," said Pole. "Your ministers, if consulted, will agree with me. This is no light question. The welfare of your kingdom is at stake."

At this moment a side-door opened, and Father Alfonso appeared at it, with a packet in his hand. On seeing the Cardinal, he would have retired, but the Queen signed to him to come forward, and he was compelled to obey.

"It is the will," she observed, in an under tone, to Pole.

"It is providential that I am here," he replied.

Meanwhile, Father Alfonso advanced, and, bowing reverently to the Queen and the Cardinal, laid the packet on the table.

"Here is the document for your Majesty's signature," he said. "The witnesses await your summons without."

"The scheme is carefully planned, but I will thwart it," mentally ejaculated Pole. "The witnesses may be dismissed. The Queen will not sign this document," he added, aloud.

"What do I hear, madam?" cried Father Alfonso. "His Majesty expects——"

"I say the Queen will not sign it," interrupted Pole, taking up the will, "nor any other document to the like effect."

Making a profound obeisance to the Queen, he quitted the room, taking the packet with him.

VI.

OF THE MIDNIGHT MEETING IN THE CRYPT BENEATH THE CHAPTER-HOUSE.

It was on the stroke of midnight that Osbert Clinton, muffled in a long black cloak, and armed with rapier and dagger, arrived at the place of rendezvous appointed by De Noailles. The night was bright and beautiful, and the moon, nearly at the full, and hanging above the north side of the noble Gothic fane, silvered its hoary battlements and buttresses, and glittered upon the tinted panes of the great pointed windows.

Passing through an arched doorway he entered

the cloisters, and marched slowly along the south ambulatory. No one was there. Having thus tracked one side of the square, and glanced down the alley on the left, he stood still and listened, but no sound reached his ears, until shortly afterwards the deep bell of the abbey tolled forth the hour of midnight. Then all again relapsed into solemn silence, and had there been even a light footfall on the pavement Osbert must have heard it.

Again he moved slowly on. His thoughts were too much occupied with the business he had on hand, or he might have noted the vaulted and richly-ornamented ceiling overhead, or the pillared openings at the side, through which the moonlight streamed upon the pavement, but though he was not wholly unconscious of these architectural beauties, they produced little effect upon him, neither did the serene loveliness of the night, or the hushed tranquillity of the spot, soothe his perturbed spirits.

He had reached another angle of the cloisters,

and was proceeding along the alley, which was here plunged in gloom, when he fancied he discerned a dark figure advancing towards him, upon which he quickened his steps, and soon reached the person, who, on seeing him, remained stationary. It was De Noailles. Like Osbert he was muffled in a cloak, and his broad-leaved hat was pulled over his brows.

"You have not changed your mind, I perceive," observed De Noailles, "but are resolved to go on with the enterprise."

"I am," replied Osbert.

"Follow me, then," rejoined the French ambassador, "and I will introduce you to those in league with us."

Marching quickly but noiselessly along, he conducted Osbert towards the chapter-house. On reaching it, they descended a flight of stone steps which seemed to lead to a vault, but farther progress was arrested by a door, against which De Noailles tapped gently. At this summons the door

was cautiously opened by a man, who appeared to be well armed, and they were admitted into a large subterranean chamber.

This crypt, for such it was, was dimly illumined by an iron lamp fixed to a pillar standing in the centre of the vault. The stone walls were of great solidity, in order to sustain the weight of the chapter-house, and the roof, which likewise formed the floor of the superstructure, was of stone, ribbed, and groined, and supported by the pillar to which the lamp was fixed.

In this crypt were assembled some eight or nine young men, all of good condition, judging from their attire and deportment. As De Noailles and Osbert entered the vault, a tall, richly-dressed man detached himself from the group with whom he was conversing, and advanced to meet them. As he advanced, Osbert instantly knew him to be Thomas Stafford, second son to Lord Stafford, and grandson of the Duke of Buckingham, a disaffected

personage, who had been engaged in Wyat's rebellion, but had escaped owing to want of proof of his complicity in the affair.

"Your excellency is welcome," said Stafford to the ambassador. "I am glad to find you bring us a recruit. What! Osbert Clinton, is it you?" he added, as the young man unmuffled his countenance. "You are, indeed, an important accession to our ranks. But you must take the oath of fidelity. Our object is to deliver our country from the tyranny of Spain, to depose Mary, to place Elizabeth on the throne and wed her to Courtenay, and to restore the Protestant faith."

"I will be true to you to the death," replied Osbert, emphatically; "and will aid you to the utmost of my power—this I solemnly swear."

"Enough," replied Stafford; "and now I will present you to my associates in this great and holy cause. Some of them you know."

"I know Sir Henry Dudley, Sir Anthony

Kingston, and Sir Nicholas Throckmorton," replied Osbert, saluting the three persons he named; "but the rest are strangers to me."

"This is honest Master Udal, and this bold Master Staunton, both good Protestants, and hearty haters of the Spaniard and Popish idolatry," said Sir Henry Dudley. And after salutations had passed by Osbert and the persons indicated, he went on: "These gentlemen," bringing forward two others, "are Masters Peckham and Werne. You have heard of them, I make no doubt?"

"Ay, marry have I, oftentimes," replied Osbert. "They are officers to the Princess Elizabeth. I am glad to see them here."

"They bring us messages from the Princess approving of our design," said Dudley. "Her Highness will not write, after the danger she incurred from her intercepted correspondence with Wyat."

"Her Grace is very favourable to your cause, as I have already stated, Sir Henry," observed Peckham, "and wishes it all possible success."

"She has need to do," said Sir Anthony Kingston. "If we succeed, we shall place the crown upon her head."

"There is yet another gentleman whom you have not made known to me, Sir Henry," said Osbert, indicating a dark, sinister-looking personage, in a philemot-coloured mantle and doublet, who stood aloof from the others.

"Ha! this is a very useful person," replied Dudley. "This is M. de Freitville, a secret agent of the King of France, who promises to aid our enterprise with men and money."

"I hope he will fulfil his promises better than those made by him to Wyat," remarked Osbert, regarding Freitville distrustfully.

"Had Wyat held out a few days longer, he would not have lacked support," rejoined Freitville. "My royal master afforded an asylum and gave pensions to all those implicated in the rebellion who fled to France. His Excellency M. de Noailles will tell you that his Majesty has ever

been hostile to this Spanish alliance, and that, failing in preventing it, he is now determined to drive the Queen and her husband from the throne, and set up the Princess Elizabeth in their stead."

"Has he no other views?" said Osbert.

"None adverse to this country," said De Noailles, "that I can declare emphatically. It would be idle to assert that my royal master is influenced by the same motives that you are; but the end is the same. You both seek the dissolution of this marriage and the overthrow of Philip—he as the avowed enemy of Spain, you as suffering from the tyranny of Philip, and anxious to restore the Reformed religion. Our interests, therefore, are identical, and we make common cause together against the foe. For my own part, I have a personal antipathy to Philip. He has done me a grievous injury, and I will never rest till I requite him. Some day or other his life will be in my hands, and then he shall feel my vengeance."

"My wrongs are greater than yours," cried

Osbert. "I have thrown off all allegiance to him, and am henceforth his deadly foe. He has stepped between me and her whom I love dearer than life, and has sought to sacrifice her to his unhallowed desires. He is unworthy to be the Queen's consort —unworthy to govern Englishmen. I will shed my heart's blood in the attempt to drive him from the throne."

"Why not plunge a dagger in his breast," said Freitville, "and so rid the country of a tyrant?"

"I am no assassin," replied Osbert. "Deeply as I hate him, I would not slay him save in fair fight. No, we must rouse our countrymen to a sense of their danger, and rise in arms against him, and put him justly to death, or drive him from the country."

"His design is to subjugate England, and reduce us to the condition of Flanders and Burgundy," cried Stafford. "If he is allowed to remain on the throne for another year, he will become absolute master of our liberties. The twelve strongest for-

tresses in England—the Tower itself included—are to be delivered up to him by the misguided and unworthy Queen, and garrisoned by twenty thousand Spaniards."

"I can scarce think the Queen would be thus false to her country," said Osbert.

"It is so, sir, and I will tell you more," pursued Stafford. "Alva is to be governor of the Tower, and ere he has been there many months more noble English blood will drench the scaffold than ever dyed it in King Harry's days. The Inquisition, also, is to be established."

"It is already established among us," cried Sir Henry Dudley. "We had our auto-da-fé in Smithfield yesterday."

"The Queen is so infatuated by her love for the King," pursued Stafford, "that she can deny him nothing. You, sir," he added to Osbert, "who have been in attendance upon him, must know how shamefully he abuses her regard, and the scandalous infidelities he practises."

"It is true," replied Osbert. "It is true, also, that her Majesty can refuse him nothing. He has incited her to settle her crown upon him by her will in the event of her decease during her time of travail."

"Can she be so blind as not to perceive that by making such a will she ensures her own death by poison?" observed De Noailles. "But her senseless passion deprives her of all judgment."

"Now is the time to strike," cried Stafford. "Men's minds are so excited that a single spark will set the whole city of London in a flame. All the Protestants are ripe for outbreak. Let us raise the standard of revolt in Smithfield on the very spot where Rogers was martyred, proclaim the Princess Elizabeth Queen, the deposition of Philip and Mary, and the restoration of the Reformed religion. We can only number a handful of men at first, but what matters that? Thousands will soon rally round us, and ere night we shall be masters of the City."

"The enterprise is desperate," said Osbert, "but the moment is propitious. I am with you."

"So are we all!" cried the others.

"Our cry shall be, 'Down with Philip and Mary! Down with the mass and idolatry! Long live Queen Elizabeth, the head and defender of the Protestant Church!'" said Stafford. "Every Protestant will respond to the call."

"If we fail, we throw away our lives in a righteous cause," rejoined Osbert.

"We shall not fail," cried Sir Henry Dudley. "I was at Smithfield yesterday, and spoke with hundreds, who are ready for an outbreak."

"So did I," added Sir Anthony Kingston. "I can vouch for the detestation with which the King is regarded. Let not the attempt be delayed."

"It shall be made to-morrow," said Stafford. "I can muster fifty well-armed men."

"And I half that number," said Dudley.

"And I twenty," said Kingston.

"I can bring no one with me," said Osbert.

"But I will gain a thousand followers before the day is over."

"At what hour shall we meet to-morrow?" said Dudley.

"At noon," replied Stafford. "Give me your hand upon it, Osbert Clinton."

"Readily," rejoined the other, grasping the hand stretched out to him.

At this moment the lamp was suddenly thrown down, and the crypt plunged in darkness.

"Traitors, before to-morrow you shall be all clapped in the Tower!" cried a voice.

"'Tis the King!" mentally ejaculated Osbert Clinton. And he sprang towards the door.

"Perdition! we have a spy among us," cried Stafford. "Seize him and put him to death!"

And, as he spoke, swords were drawn by the conspirators.

"Let no one go forth, but let each man answer for himself. Where is Osbert Clinton?"

"Here," he replied, from the door.

"Where is Sir Henry Dudley?"

"Here," answered the person designated.

While Stafford was pursuing these inquiries, Osbert heard some one approaching, and stepped a little aside. It was well he did so, as otherwise a rapier would have transfixed him. As it was, the point of the weapon merely pierced the side of his doublet, without doing him any injury. But at the same moment Osbert seized the arm that had dealt the blow. After vainly struggling to free himself from the iron grasp in which he was held, the King (for it was he) whispered, "Release me, sir, I command you."

"Your commands are of no weight here, sire," replied Osbert. "But I will not see you assassinated. Save yourself!"

And letting go his hold as he spoke, the King instantly passed through the door, and made good his retreat.

At the noise occasioned by his exit, all was confusion and alarm among the conspirators. Amid

fierce shouts and exclamations a general rush was made to the door, and had they not reached it quickly, the whole party would have been made prisoners without the possibility of escape, for some one was trying to lock them in.

Made aware of their approach by the noise, this person fled, without having accomplished his purpose, but, while hastily mounting the steps, he became entangled in his gown—for his garments were those of a monk—and fell. The first of the conspirators to issue from the crypt were Stafford and Dudley, and on catching sight of the monk, who was getting up as quickly as he could, they recognised Father Alfonso de Castro.

"By Heaven! it is the King's confessor who has been playing the spy upon us," exclaimed Stafford.

"He shall not escape to tell the tale," roared Dudley. "My sword shall stop his preaching in future."

And they dashed up the steps. Ere they could reach him, however, Father Alfonso had regained

his feet, and speeded across the court, shouting lustily for help.

His object was to gain a small tower, then standing near the cloisters, on the summit of which tower, under a wooden pent-house, hung the alarm-bell. As Father Alfonso was aware, the door of this building was always left open, and if he could only reach it, he would be safe. Fear lent him wings, and he had passed through the door, shut it, and barred it inside, before his pursuers came up.

While they were venting their disappointment in maledictions, he ran up a narrow spiral stone staircase, and, reaching a small chamber, seized a rope that dangled from a hole in the ceiling, and began to ring the alarm-bell.

VII.

IN WHAT MANNER THE OUTBREAK COMMENCED.

MEANTIME, all the conspirators had come forth from the crypt, and were gathered together in the court, considering what should be done under the circumstances. The sudden and violent ringing of the alarm-bell seemed to leave them no alternative but flight.

"We must separate and beat a retreat," cried Stafford. "The meeting must not take place as appointed to-morrow at Smithfield, but must be deferred to some other opportunity. That cursed Spanish friar has overheard our plans, and will

reveal them. You will all best consult your safety by keeping out of the way for the present. The great enterprise has been thwarted for the moment, but it will not be abandoned."

"Assuredly not," cried Dudley. "Would there were some means of silencing that infernal clatter."

"If it goes on it will rouse up half the town," cried Sir Anthony Kingston.

"Why should it not serve as the signal for the rising?" cried Osbert, who felt the necessity of immediate action. "Why should we not commence the great enterprise now? To-morrow we shall all be proscribed, and a price set upon our heads. Let us act to-night. That bell will spread alarm through all this quarter of the town, and the people will soon come flocking hither to learn its import. Let us tell them that a rising takes place this night against the Spanish domination."

"Agreed!" exclaimed several voices.

"I approve of the plan," said De Noailles, who

was evidently much alarmed; "but I cannot be seen in the matter. You know where to find me, gentlemen. Success attend you!"

And he hastily retired with Freitville.

Meanwhile, the alarm-bell continued to ring violently, and it was evident, from the shouts and noises heard without, that the people were roused, and were flocking towards the spot.

"I hear them. They are coming now," cried Stafford. "Let us forth to meet them. Ring that bell as loudly as thou canst, thou pestilent friar! It shall bring those together who shall aid us to dethrone thy master."

And, as if in compliance with the request, the alarm-bell was rung more violently than ever.

The conspirators then marched, sword in hand, into the Dean's-yard, where some of that dignitary's servants were collected, but on seeing them these persons immediately retreated. But the next moment there burst through the gateway a troop of

citizens, hastily and imperfectly attired, and armed with various weapons, swords, pikes, and arquebuses.

"What ho, my masters!" shouted the foremost of these. "Why rings the alarm-bell?"

"It rings to call you to arms," replied Osbert, "in defence of your liberties and religion. A rising is about to take place to depose Philip and Mary, place the Princess Elizabeth on the throne, and restore the Reformed religion, as established by King Edward the Sixth, of blessed memory."

"Hear you that, my masters?" cried the man. "The mass is to be put down, and the Protestant faith restored."

It so chanced that the whole of the persons addressed were Protestants, so they cheered lustily, and shouted, "Down with the mass!"

Meanwhile, the bell never for a moment ceased its clamour, and numbers of other persons, armed like those who had first appeared, answered the summons. Many of these joined in the cries

against Popery, but others being Romanists, retorted furiously, and struggles immediately began to take place between the opposing sects. As the crowd was continually on the increase, the hubbub and disturbance grew louder and louder, and a general engagement was threatened.

Just then, a party of twenty-five or thirty men, armed with pikes and carrying lanterns, came up, shouting, "Down with the mass! Down with Antichrist!" Thus reinforced, the Protestants laid about them stoutly, and soon drove off their opponents.

This victory gained, they began to shout lustily, and called out for a leader, whereupon Osbert Clinton leaped upon a stone bench, and waving his sword above his head, cried out in a loud voice, so as to be heard by all, "I am ready to lead you, and if you will stand firmly by me and my associates, we will deliver you from Spanish tyranny and oppression, and re-establish your religion. No more inquisitorial practices—no more

ecclesiastical commissions — no more burnings at Smithfield. We will release all those imprisoned for heresy."

"We will release our preachers and pastors," cried Stafford, leaping upon the bench, "and punish their judges. We will hang Gardiner and Bonner."

Shouts and terrific yells responded to this proposition.

"Here come the arquebusiers!" shouted several voices, as the trampling of horses and the clanking of arms were heard.

"Close up, and stand firm!" cried Osbert, springing from the bench and making his way towards the head of the crowd, which now, in obedience to his commands, had formed itself into a compact mass.

The next moment a troop of arquebusiers galloped up, with their swords drawn, and drew up in front of the mob.

After commanding a halt, their captain rode up

to the front ranks of the crowd, and called out, "In the Queen's name, as good and loyal subjects of her Majesty, I command you to disperse, and go peaceably to your homes."

A general refusal was the response.

"You had best not be obstinate," retorted the captain of the guard. "Mark what I say. You have got amongst you several traitors, who are conspiring against their Majesties and against the safety of the realm."

"We are all traitors and conspirators," cried several voices. "We have thrown off our allegiance to the Queen and the Pope. We will have no Spaniard for King."

"Hear me," shouted the officer. "If you do not instantly deliver to us Sir Henry Dudley, Sir Anthony Kingston, Thomas Stafford, Osbert Clinton, and other traitors and conspirators whom ye have among you, we will cut you to pieces, and take them."

"Make good your threat, sir," rejoined Osbert.

"I am one of those you have named. Advance and take me if you can."

The officer instantly pushed forward his horse, but at that moment a bullet from an arquebuse, fired behind Osbert, crashed into his brain, and he fell heavily to the ground.

On seeing their leader fall, the arquebusiers instantly charged the mob, cutting at them with their swords, and hewing down a considerable number. Still, as the sturdy citizens, encouraged by their leaders, stood firm, and received their assailants on their pikes, less mischief was done them than might have been expected.

A dreadful mêlée now took place, which endured for nearly a quarter of an hour; and while it was going on fresh parties, both of Protestants and Romanists, arrived at the scene of strife, and at once engaged in the conflict.

At first, it seemed as if the insurgents must be speedily routed; but though the arquebusiers did great damage in the early part of the fray, they

were completely discomfited in the end, most of their horses being killed under them.

During this fight all the leaders of the outbreak distinguished themselves by their bravery. Osbert Clinton threw himself into the thickest of the fight, encouraged his followers by word and deed, struck down three of the horsemen, and mainly contributed to the victory eventually gained by the insurgents. In little more than a quarter of an hour after the commencement of the conflict the arquebusiers were dismounted and discomfited, and the Romanists driven off.

The alarm-bell, which had ceased during the raging of the conflict, began to ring again more violently than ever.

A brief consultation was then held among the leaders of the outbreak as to the course that should next be pursued, when it was agreed that they should march on past Charing-cross and along the Strand, and if they received sufficient accession to their forces, should break down Temple-bar,

enter the City, liberate the prisoners for religion from Newgate and the Marshalsea, and march on to the Tower.

"I will lead on this party," said Stafford.

"I will set free the prisoners from the Gate House here at Westminster," said Sir Henry Dudley.

"I crave to be allowed to pass over to Lambeth Palace," said Osbert, "and set free Constance Tyrrell and Derrick Carver. This done, I will cross London-bridge and join you. Let me have fifty men for the enterprise."

"Take double that number," said Stafford. "We shall find plenty of others as we march along. Harkye, my masters!" he called out to the crowd. "I want a hundred men to go to Lambeth Palace."

"What to do?" demanded a burly citizen. "Not to harm Cardinal Pole. He is a just man, and against persecution. We will hang Bonner, and Gardiner, and the rest of the Romish prelates,

but we won't hurt a hair of the good Cardinal's head."

"Right, Master Rufford, we won't hurt Cardinal Pole," cried a man near him.

"I would not have him harmed," replied Osbert. "My sole object is to liberate two Protestant prisoners—Constance Tyrrell and Derrick Carver."

"Derrick Carver is confined in the Lollards' Tower," said Rufford; "it was he who spoke to me of the Cardinal's goodness. If it be merely to free him and Constance Tyrrell, we are with you."

"Ay, any of us will go with you on that errand," cried several voices.

"I also will go with you," said Udal.

A hundred men were then told quickly off, all of whom were armed with pikes and other weapons.

"How are we to get across the river?" demanded Rufford.

"We will make the best of our way to the

Horseferry, where we shall find boats enow," replied Osbert.

"Ay, to the Horseferry! to the Horseferry!" cried several voices.

"We shall meet again ere daybreak, if all go well," said Osbert to Stafford and the others.

Then, putting himself at the head of his party, he led them at a quick pace round the south-west precincts of the abbey, and, quickly gaining the banks of the river, proceeded to the Horseferry.

Up to this time they had been unopposed. The occupants of the scattered habitations on the road opened their windows to watch them pass, but none came forth to join them. As Osbert expected, they found the large ferry-boat, two barges, and sufficient smaller craft to transport them across the river, and the whole party having embarked in these boats, they pushed off and began to row towards Lambeth.

Scarcely, however, had they got a bow-shot from the shore, when a band of mounted archers rode

up to the ferry station, and finding they were too late, and that all the boats had been taken away by the insurgents, they fired a volley at them, but without doing them any injury. Without trying the effect of a second volley, the horsemen rode back to Westminster, probably to find boats to enable them to cross the river.

VIII

HOW THE INSURGENTS PROCEEDED TO LAMBETH PALACE.

MEANTIME, Osbert and his party were more than half across the Thames.

Before them rose the stately palace of Lambeth, with its towers and gateway, looking like a black mass relieved against the clear sky. The serene beauty of night, which contrasted forcibly with the agitating events that were taking place, was not without effect upon Osbert. As he stood at the prow of the barge, leaning upon his sword and contemplating the scene, its holy calmness insensibly softened him, and he began to feel compunc-

tion for what he had done. But it was now too late to recede. The step was taken, and he must go on. He must either perish as a traitor, or live as the liberator of his country. Stifling all remorseful feelings, he tried to fix his thoughts on the latter contingency.

As the insurgents approached Lambeth Palace, it was evident from the lights gleaming from the windows, and the sounds heard from the courts, that its inmates were alarmed and astir.

In another moment the little squadron reached the wharf. Osbert was the first to land, and leaped ashore sword in hand. Udal and Rufford followed him, but such expedition was used that only a few minutes elapsed before the whole party had disembarked.

Meantime, their movements were watched from the battlements of the gateway by Rodomont Bittern and his two lieutenants. As soon as the insurgents had landed, and were drawn up, Osbert marched at their head towards the gateway, but

before he reached it, Rodomont called out, in a loud voice:

"Who are ye, sirs, and what seek ye, that ye approach the palace of the Lord Cardinal in this hostile fashion? State your business without parleying, that I may report it to his Eminence. But I warn you that you can have no admittance at this hour."

"We will obtain admittance for ourselves if our request be refused," replied Osbert. "We require Constance Tyrrell and Derrick Carver, both detained within the palace, to be delivered up to us."

"By whose warrant do you make this demand?" inquired Rodomont.

"By mine own," replied the other, "which, thus backed, shall answer as well as any other, were it even the Queen's."

"None but her Majesty's own order will procure their liberation," rejoined Rodomont; "and since you possess not that, you are likely to go away

empty-handed. Though I would fain disbelieve it, methinks it is Master Osbert Clinton who speaks to me."

"I am he you suppose," replied Osbert. "Use despatch, good Rodomont, and convey my message to the Lord Cardinal."

"If you are turned rebel, as I suspect from the tone you adopt, and the armed rout at your heels," rejoined Rodomont, "I must pray you to cease all familiarity with me. But I will make your demand known to the Lord Cardinal."

"Fail not to add, that if they be not delivered up we will enter the palace and take them," said Osbert.

"I will communicate your exact words," rejoined Rodomont, "but I warn you, that if you make the attempt you will assuredly be hanged."

With this he quitted the battlements.

While he was gone, Osbert employed the time in explaining to the insurgents what must be done in the event of the Cardinal's refusal.

After a brief delay, a wicket in the gate was opened, and Rodomont Bittern came forth.

"What answer bring you from the Lord Cardinal?" demanded Osbert, on seeing him.

"His Eminence will answer you in person," said Rodomont. "But if you will take the advice of one who was once your friend, and is still your well-wisher, you will pursue this matter no further."

"A truce to this," cried Osbert, sternly. "I must have the Cardinal's answer without delay, or I shall proceed to action. I have no time to waste."

"You are peremptory, sir," observed Rodomont, dryly.

"So peremptory, that I *will* have the prisoners," rejoined Osbert, fiercely.

"You must discuss that point with the Lord Cardinal himself," rejoined Rodomont.

As he spoke, the falling of heavy bars within-side proclaimed that the gates were being un-

fastened, and in another moment the ponderous valves swung aside and disclosed the Cardinal standing beneath the archway.

Close behind him stood Priuli with Constance Tyrrell, habited in black, and looking deathly pale, and a little farther removed was Derrick Carver with Mallet, the keeper of the Lollards' Tower.

No guard was near the Cardinal; the only persons with him besides Simnel and Holiday being some half-dozen attendants bearing torches. Pole's features wore a grave and somewhat severe expression. He manifested no apprehension whatever, but fixed a searching though somewhat sorrowful glance upon Osbert and the insurgent crew drawn up behind him.

Seen by the light of the torches, which gleamed upon the Cardinal's majestic figure, upon Constance's pallid but lovely features, upon Priuli's noble countenance, and Derrick Carver's rugged physiognomy—upon Osbert, who, sword in hand,

confronted the Cardinal, and upon the insurgents with their pikes—the whole picture was exceedingly striking.

The conference was opened by Pole, who, eyeing Osbert severely, and speaking in a stern tone, said, "I have caused my gates to be thrown open to you, sir, in order to show you that I have no fear. By what authority do you demand the liberation of the persons committed to my charge?"

"I have no authority for the demand I make," replied Osbert, "but I have the power to enforce compliance, and that must suffice. You have done well in throwing open your gates to us, Lord Cardinal, for we design you no injury. Let Constance Tyrrell and Derrick Carver, both of whom I see with you, be delivered up to us, and we will trouble you no further."

"And what will you do if I refuse?" said the Cardinal, sternly.

"We will take them," rejoined Osbert. "But

I beseech your Eminence not to compel us to have recourse to violence."

"Hear me, misguided man," said Pole; "and hear me all of ye," he continued, addressing the insurgents in a louder tone, "I will not affect to misunderstand the character in which you come. You are rebels and traitors to the Queen, and have risen in arms against her."

"None would be more loyal and devoted subjects of her Majesty than we, were our rights and liberties respected," said Osbert; "but we have thrown off our allegiance because we will not submit to be governed by a Spanish king. We will not suffer our preachers and pastors to be burnt at the stake as heretics and infidels, nor our country to be enslaved. But we have not come hither to make known our grievances to your Eminence, or to ask for redress, which we well know we cannot obtain from you. We have not come hither to do you injury of any sort, for we hold you in pro-

found respect, and wish there were many of your creed like you. Our object is to liberate all prisoners for religion, and we therefore require the release of the two persons in your custody."

"Before you proceed to extremities," rejoined Pole, "let me counsel you to pause and consider what you are about. You are engaged in a rash enterprise, which will in no way benefit your cause, but will infallibly lead to your destruction. By this outbreak you will give your rulers a plea for further oppression. I do not hesitate to say that I am averse to religious persecution, and would gladly see an end put to it, but this is not the plan to pursue. In a few hours your outbreak will be crushed, and then the party you represent will be worse off than ever. To all such as are peaceably disposed among you, whose families are dear to them, and who would avoid bloodshed and ignominious death, I would say disperse quietly, go to your homes, and come not forth again on a like

pretext. To you, Osbert Clinton, who have been unwise enough to place yourself at the head of this insurrection, I must hold other language. Your only safety is in flight. A price will be set on your head, and, if taken, you will die the death of a traitor."

"I am aware of it," replied Osbert. "But I have sworn to free my country and my religion, or perish in the attempt. I have no thoughts of flight, neither will my followers desert me. But we have talked long enough. You know our determination. Are we to have the prisoners peaceably, or must we take them by force?"

"I should be loth to provoke you to bloodshed," replied the Cardinal. "Here are the two prisoners, as you see. I will place no restraint upon them. If they choose to go with you, it is well. If not, you will depart without them."

"I readily agree to the terms, and thank your Eminence for sparing me the necessity of violence,"

replied Osbert. "I do not think they will hesitate. Derrick Carver, you have heard what has passed. We wait for you."

But, to Osbert's great surprise, the enthusiast did not move.

"I cannot go unless I am set free by the Cardinal," he said.

"How?" cried Osbert.

"His Eminence suffered me to go forth on my promise to return," replied Carver, "and I will now prove to him that I am to be relied on."

"I cannot prevent your departure," said Pole; "neither can I set you free."

"Then I stay," replied Carver.

"I am not disappointed in you," observed Pole, approvingly.

"If such be your determination when freedom is offered you, you must have taken leave of your senses," said Osbert. "Constance, I call upon you —and shall not, I am sure, call in vain."

"I cannot leave the good Cardinal, who has sheltered and protected me, without his consent, even at your bidding, Osbert," she replied.

"And my consent must be refused," said Pole. "Alas! misguided man," he continued to Osbert. "You little know what you have done. Just as the King has assented to your union with Constance, you yourself raise an insuperable obstacle to it. Now Constance is lost to you for ever."

"It is too true, Osbert!—it is too true," she cried. "Why did you come hither thus?"

"Ah! why?" he cried, striking his head with his clenched hand. "Perdition on my folly!"

"Save yourself by instant flight—that is the best advice I can give you," said the Cardinal.

"Desert my friends—never!" exclaimed Osbert. "The die is cast, and I must stand the issue. Constance, by all the love you profess to bear me, I implore you to come with me."

"Alas! alas! I cannot obey you," she rejoined.

"Then I will carry you off in spite of your resistance," cried Osbert. "Forward, friends, forward!"

Some few advanced at the summons, but the majority, upon whom the Cardinal's harangue, combined with subsequent circumstances, had produced a powerful impression, held back.

As Osbert stepped forward, Rodomont and his two comrades placed themselves in his way.

"Back, misguided man!" cried the Cardinal. "Another step, and you rush on certain destruction. The sanctity of this asylum shall not be violated with impunity."

Just then loud shouts were heard, and some of the insurgents rushing forth to see what was the matter, immediately returned to say that a large number of the royal guard were landing from boats, and that some of them were already on the wharf.

"What shall we do?" cried several voices.

"Give them battle," rejoined Osbert, in a loud

voice. "Farewell, Constance," he added; "if I fall, think that I came to save you. Now, friends, to the wharf!—to the wharf!"

Hereupon, all the insurgents, headed by Osbert, rushed forth simultaneously from the archway, shouting, "Down with King Philip!—down with the Pope!"

As soon as they were gone, the gates were closed by order of the Cardinal.

Some thirty or forty archers had already disembarked from the boats that had brought them, and others were leaping ashore, as Osbert and his partisans appeared on the wharf. Fierce shouts were raised on both sides, and in another instant a desperate conflict commenced. By a sudden dash, Osbert hoped to drive the enemy into the river; but the archers stood their ground well, and being quickly reinforced by their comrades from the boats, they not only repelled the attack made upon them, but forced the insurgents to retire.

It soon became evident to Rodomont and his

lieutenants, who had mounted to the summit of the gateway to watch the conflict, that it must speedily terminate in favour of the archers, who were more than a match for their brave but undisciplined opponents. And so it turned out. In less than ten minutes the conflict was over, and the insurgents dispersed or made captive. Osbert fought desperately to the last, but finding it in vain to struggle longer, followed by three or four others, among whom were Udal and Rufford, he leaped into a boat, and, pushing off, was borne swiftly down the river.

Half a dozen other boats, manned by archers, instantly started in pursuit, and frequent shots were fired at the fugitives. Whether any of these took effect could not be ascertained by Rodomont and his comrades, who watched the chase with great interest from the battlements; but, at all events, the flying bark held on its course, and seemed to gain upon the others. At last, pursued and pursuers disappeared from view.

"As the Queen's loyal subject I ought not to wish well to a traitor and a rebel," remarked Rodomont, "and yet I cannot help hoping that Osbert Clinton has escaped."

In this wish both his comrades concurred.

End of the Fifth Book.

BOOK VI.

THE LEWES MARTYR.

I.

OF THE PARTING BETWEEN DERRICK CARVER AND CONSTANCE.

THE attempt made by the conspirators to cause a general rising proved completely abortive. Stafford and his party received some accessions to their numbers as they marched along, but before they reached Charing-cross they were attacked and dispersed by a troop of mounted arquebusiers, who issued from Whitehall. Several persons were arrested, among whom were the two officers of the Princess Elizabeth's household, Peckham and Werne, but the ringleaders managed to escape. Next day, Stafford, Dudley, Kingston, Udal, Osbert Clinton, and the rest of the party, were

publicly proclaimed as outlaws, rebels, traitors, and disturbers of the peace, and a large reward offered for their capture.

Nothing, however, was said about the French ambassador. Only to Gardiner did Philip avow that he had been secretly present with Father de Castro at the meeting in the crypt, and the Chancellor counselled him not to allow this circumstance to transpire publicly, as they had proof enough against the conspirators without it; above all, Gardiner was opposed to any proceedings being taken against De Noailles. Thus the wily ambassador escaped with impunity as on previous occasions. A strict watch, however, was kept upon his movements.

It was confidently anticipated, both by the King and Gardiner, that before many days all the chief conspirators would be arrested, but in this expectation they were disappointed. No traces of any of them could be discovered. Some doubts

were entertained as to the fate of Osbert Clinton. Two persons were shot in the boat in which he escaped from Lambeth, and their bodies thrown into the Thames, and it was thought he was one of them; but this was by no means clear.

While the search for the leaders of the outbreak was thus being actively, though unsuccessfully, prosecuted, Peckham and Werne were taken to the Tower and put to the torture, in order to compel them to accuse the Princess Elizabeth of complicity in the affair, but nothing could be wrung from them, and, with twenty other luckless personages who had been captured at the same time, they were hanged, drawn, and quartered, and their heads set upon the north gateway of London-bridge.

Meanwhile, the religious persecution continued with unabated rigour. Bishop Hooper, with two others, had undergone martyrdom at different places, and six more prisoners, excommunicated by

Bonner and delivered over to the civil power, were about to perish in the same manner.

Conscious of the odium attaching to these sanguinary measures, Gardiner prudently resigned his post at the ecclesiastical tribunal to Bonner, who thenceforward acted as supreme judge, and was undeterred by scruples of any sort.

A momentary check was, however, given to his severity from an unexpected quarter. From the various manifestations made towards him by the Protestant party, and from other circumstances, Philip could not fail to perceive that if he took any further part in these barbarous proceedings he should raise up a host of determined enemies, so he caused Father Alfonso to preach publicly before him and the court a sermon strongly condemnatory of religious persecution. The plan completely answered the King's expectations, it being felt that such a sermon could not have been preached without his sanction, and it was argued, therefore, that

he must disapprove of the course pursued by Bonner.

The effect of this remarkable discourse—remarkable, indeed, as emanating from one who had been designated "The Scourge of Heresy"—was to stay the bitter persecution for a while, but, though momentarily checked, it revived with a greater fury than before. The six unfortunate persons excommunicated by Bonner were consigned to the flames, and urged to greater activity by the Marquis of Winchester and other members of the council, the zealous prelate looked out for fresh victims.

Bonner had long burned to wreak his vengeance upon Derrick Carver, and was at last able to gratify his desire. Having procured a warrant from the Queen for the deliverance up to him of the prisoner, who was still confined in the Lollards' Tower, he immediately acted upon it. Before he was taken away, Carver, by permission

of the Cardinal, was allowed to bid farewell to Constance Tyrrell. The interview took place in the Post Room in the Lollards' Tower, and in order that there might be no check upon their freedom of discourse, they were left alone together.

"Daughter," said Carver, who appeared more subdued than usual, "I am about to win the crown of martyrdom for which I have so long striven, and to inscribe my name upon that scroll which shall hereafter be a guide to our Church. In quitting you for a while, I expect you to remain steadfast in the faith. Be not shaken by the arguments of the Cardinal, who, though a good man, has been brought up in superstition and idolatry, and cannot free himself from the errors of his creed."

"Have no fear for me," replied Constance. "I shall soon follow in the same path you are about to tread."

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Carver, with an

irrepressible shudder. "Oh! Constance, while alone in my cell, I have communed with myself, sounding my breast to its depths, and weighing every thought and action, and I reproach myself that I have led you too far. I have kindled a holy fervour in your breast like that which animates my own, and which incites you to bear witness to your faith by death."

"True. But surely you should rejoice that you have kindled such a flame," she rejoined.

"No; I would quench it," he cried. "Seek not martyrdom. Rush not upon fiery torments—but live—live a godly life."

"These words are strange from you, who have so often painted the glories of martyrdom to me, and urged me to share them with you."

"I repent that I did so," he rejoined. "Were you to suffer with me, your torments would afflict me a thousand times more than my own. 'Twere terrible that a frame so fair as yours should be consumed by fire. It must not be. You are

young and beautiful. You love, and are beloved. Live and be happy. Live for Osbert Clinton."

"Alas!" exclaimed Constance, "I know not if Osbert still lives. It is thought he perished on that fatal night when he came here to liberate us. He has not been heard of since. But if he lives, it is as a proscribed rebel, with a price set on his head, and if he be taken, his doom is certain. I have nothing left but to die."

"No, you must live," said Carver, solemnly. "Osbert Clinton is not dead. He did not perish on that disastrous night, as you suppose. I have seen and spoken with him at the window of my cell, which he reached as he did when you, dear daughter, were its occupant. He and his friends are not disheartened by the ill success of their enterprise. It was rash and precipitate, and failed in consequence. But they are planning another insurrection, and I pray Heaven to crown it with success, since it has for its aim the restoration of our religion and the downfal of Philip!"

"I rejoice to hear that Osbert still lives," said Constance; "but I fear these plots will eventually conduct him to the scaffold."

"If he should so perish, then seek for a martyr's crown, if you will," said Carver; "but while he lives, live for him. Something tells me you will yet be united."

"I dare not hope so," she rejoined.

"If my last prayers will avail to ensure your happiness, you shall have them," said Carver. "And now we must part. Once more I exhort you to continue steadfast in the faith. But be not influenced by the desire of vainglory, which, perchance, may be my own besetting sin. And now receive my blessing!"

And as she bent before him, he spread his arms over her head, and pronounced a solemn benediction.

There was then a deep silence, broken only by Constance's sobs.

"Weep not, dear daughter," he said. "Our

parting ought to be joyous rather than sad, seeing that my trials are well-nigh over, and I am about to reap my reward. Farewell!" he added, taking her hand, and pressing his lips to it. "Forget not what I have said to you."

"Fear me not!" she rejoined, sinking upon a bench. "Farewell!"

Carver cast a compassionate look at her, and then striding resolutely towards the door, he called out that he was ready, whereupon Mallet instantly appeared.

Without hazarding another glance at Constance, he then quitted the chamber, and was taken by Mallet to the gate, where he was delivered to the officers sent for him by Bonner.

A barge awaited him, and in this conveyance he was taken to Paul's Wharf. Thence he was escorted to the consistory at Saint Paul's, where Bonner was sitting in judgment with the Lord Mayor, the sheriffs, and several members of the council.

II.

HOW DERRICK CARVER WAS TAKEN TO LEWES.

WHEN Derrick Carver was brought before the tribunal, Bonner eyed him with a smile of malignant satisfaction, and observed to Sheriff Woodrooffe, who was sitting near him,

"At last I have got this pestilent fellow, whom the Cardinal has so long screened from justice. He shall not escape now. I will deal roundly with him."

On this, he caused the minutes of the prisoner's previous examinations to be read to him by an

officer in the court, which being done, Bonner said, in a bitter and derisive tone,

"Such were the detestable and damnable opinions professed by thee, Derrick Carver, when thou wert last interrogated in the Lollards' Tower; but doubtless the exhortations and persuasions of the Lord Cardinal have wrought a beneficial change, and thou art now willing to confess thine errors, and abjure them."

"My opinions have undergone no change," replied Carver. "But if any Romanist could have converted me, it would be Cardinal Pole."

"Ah! you admit so much," cried Bonner. "Why should Cardinal Pole prevail with you more than others? Hath he more zeal—more devotion — more theological learning than others have?"

"I know not whether he hath more zeal and learning than your lordship, but he has more Christian charity," replied Carver. "He understands

the Gospel, and is guided by its precepts, which you are not."

"Belike you deem his Eminence less rigid, less orthodox than I am?" said Bonner.

"My tenets are not *his* tenets," replied Carver; "yet I hold him to be a good man, though, unhappily, blinded to the truth. Your lordship may be the more orthodox Catholic of the two, but you are the worse man."

"I thank thee for the admission, thou foul-mouthed knave," cried Bonner. "You all hear that he charges the Cardinal with unsoundness of opinion," he added to the court.

"I charge thee with attempting to pervert my words," retorted Carver. "I meant to say that Cardinal Pole is the chief living light and glory of the Church of Rome, whereas thou art its shame and reproach. In after times, when this bitter persecution of the faithful is spoken of, Reginald Pole will be remembered for mildness and toleration,

while thou wilt be execrated as the 'bloody Bishop Bonner'—a name that shall cling to thee for ever!"

"I would rather have thy censure than thy commendation," rejoined Bonner. "Had the Cardinal treated thee with due severity, thou wouldst never have lauded his virtues. But thou hast said enough to convince us thou art obstinate and impenitent; therefore, I shall not take up the time of the court by questioning thee further. Down on thy knees while sentence of excommunication is pronounced upon thee."

"I kneel only to Heaven," replied the prisoner, firmly.

At a sign from the bishop, two officers seized him, and, in spite of his resistance, forced him upon his knees, detaining him in this posture while the sentence was read to him by Bonner. This done, he was permitted to rise, and the officers left him.

"Thou art now accursed," pursued Bonner,

"and henceforward, if any man shall eat with thee, or drink with thee, or otherwise help thee or comfort thee, he will be a partaker in the curse."

"You have put me out of the communion of a Church which I have quitted of my own accord for these ten years," said Carver. "As to your anathemas, they affright me not. May they recoil with added strength on your own head."

"Away, thou miserable blasphemer!" cried Bonner, furiously. "I have done with thee for ever."

"No, not for ever, thou unrighteous judge," rejoined Carver. "I summon thee to appear with me before the Judgment Throne of Heaven to answer for the blood thou art about to shed."

So awful was the tone in which these words were uttered, that a profound impression was upon all the hearers, and even Bonner trembled. But he quickly shook off his trepidation, and exclaimed,

"The gates of Heaven will be fast closed to you, unless you repent. You will now be de-

livered to the sheriffs, and by them will be taken to Newgate, where you will remain until after your trial. If you are condemned, as I nothing doubt you will be, you will be burned at Lewes, from the neighbourhood of which place you come, and where we learn there are many tainted with false doctrines, to whom your death may prove a salutary warning."

"It will strengthen them in their faith, when they see how a believer in the Gospel can die," rejoined Carver.

"Away with him!" cried Bonner, impatiently. "Away with him!".

On this, the prisoner was removed from the court, and conveyed with two others, who had been examined before his arrival at the consistory, to Newgate.

By command of Sheriff Woodrooffe, who accompanied him to the prison, he was placed in a noisome dungeon, and only allowed bread-and-water. After a few days' confinement, he was

brought up for trial, and, as had been foretold by Bonner, condemned to death at the stake.

Orders were then given by Sheriff Woodrooffe that he should be taken to Lewes, under a sufficient guard, for immediate execution, and on the following day the little cavalcade set out on its journey, stopping for the first night at Croydon. The inhabitants of the place flocked forth to see the prisoner, and many of them expressed great commiseration for him, but he was not permitted by the guard to speak to them, or to receive any refreshments offered him.

"Avoid him!" cried Father Josfrid, a Dominican friar by whom he was accompanied; "he is excommunicated, and if ye give him aught, ye will share in the heavy curse under which he labours."

From the exhortations of this zealous monk Carver was never for a moment free, though they produced no other effect upon him than annoyance. The escort was commanded by an officer named

Brand, who had been selected for the business by Sheriff Woodrooffe on account of his hatred to the Protestant party. He was a sullen, sour-tempered personage, and showed his ill will to the prisoner both by word and blow. Carver, however, bore this harsh usage without a murmur.

On the second day the party reached East Grinstead, where they passed the night, a cellar with a truss of straw laid on the floor being allotted to Carver; and starting early on the following morning, they reached Ditchling about noon, and, after an hour's halt, commenced the ascent of the downs.

On arriving at Ditchling, the prisoner earnestly besought Captain Brand to take him to Brightelmstone, in order that he might bid farewell to his wife and children and aged mother; but the petition was refused, the officer declaring he would not go half a dozen miles out of his way to pleasure a heretic.

"They can come and see you burned at Lewes

to-morrow, if they list," he added, with a savage grin.

Hearing what passed, a young man, mounted on a strong iron-grey horse, who had entered the inn-yard almost immediately after the little cavalcade, inquired the nearest road to Brightelmstone, and instantly galloped off in that direction.

Having mounted the steep hill-side, and passed Ditchling Beacon, the party proceeded along the brow of the downs, whence such magnificent views of the weald of Sussex are obtained, though these now received little attention, until they came to Mount Harry, on whose verdant slopes was fought the great battle between Henry III. and the Barons under Simon de Montfort, when the ancient and picturesque town of Lewes, with its towering castle and ruined priory, its numerous churches, gates, and circling walls, burst upon their view.

"Welcome! thou city of refuge," exclaimed Carver, stretching out his hands towards the town. "Thou art gladsome to mine eyes as was Ramoth

Gilead to the fugitives from Jordan. There shall I be at rest."

"There will be a rare bonfire in that old town to-morrow," observed Captain Brand, in a jeering tone, to the prisoner—"a bonfire such as the townsfolk have seldom seen, and which they are likely long to recollect. 'Twill be a grand spectacle to those who look on," he added, with stern significance.

"I had rather be the chief actor in the spectacle than a beholder of it," replied Carver; "and I trust those who witness it will long remember it."

On this Brand rode on, and Father Josfrid resumed the exhortation which he had been obliged for the nonce to suspend.

III.

HOW DERRICK CARVER WAS PLACED IN A VAULT BENEATH THE STAR INN AT LEWES.

At the period of our history, Lewes, as we have just intimated, was surrounded by walls, built of stone, and of considerable strength, though few traces of these fortifications are now left. At the West-gate of the town the party was met by the high sheriff, Sir Richard de Warren, and Master Piddinghoe, the headborough, attended by a large posse of men armed with halberds. Besides these, there were many burgesses and priests, who had come forth to see the prisoner.

At this place Derrick Carver was delivered over to the high sheriff by Captain Brand, who at the same time handed to Sir Richard the warrant for the prisoner's execution.

"All shall be ready for the ceremonial to-morrow morning," said De Warren. "We cannot lodge him in the castle, but we will place him in a vault beneath the Star Inn, where he will be perfectly secure."

"I have fulfilled mine office in delivering him into your hands, Sir Richard," replied Brand. "But my orders from Sheriff Woodrooffe are to tarry here till the sentence is carried out."

"You will not be detained beyond to-morrow morning, sir," said De Warren.

On this the party passed through the gate, and began to move slowly down the High-street, which formed a gradual descent towards the centre of the town. On either side the street were habitations of various sizes, but all of quaint and picturesque architecture. As the train advanced, the

inhabitants came forth to see the prisoner, to many of whom he was personally known, and these loudly expressed their commiseration, and their abhorrence of his persecutors.

By the time the train had reached the massive Norman gate of the castle, so large a crowd had collected that the progress of the party was impeded, and the high sheriff's attendants had to use the poles of their halberds to effect a passage. In spite, however, of the exertions of the officers and men the throng could not be kept back, but forced themselves up to the prisoner, and catching hold of his garments, and clinging to his horse, besought his blessing.

"Stand back!—touch him not!" cried Father Josfrid. "He is excommunicated."

Little attention, however, was paid to the priest. In vain Carver besought those nearest him to retire—in vain the officers commanded them to stand back—they would not stir. At last, force was employed, they were thrust violently aside, and

amid shrieks of terror and groans and yells of indignation, Carver was hurried along, and finally conveyed through a gateway into a large yard at the rear of the Star Inn. As soon as this had been accomplished the gate was shut, and a guard placed in front of it.

This ancient hostel, which still exists, though it has undergone many transformations, was then a large and substantial structure, capable of accommodating a great number of guests, and was managed by Dame Dunster, a buxom widow, whose boast it was that the best mutton in Sussex, the fattest capons, the most perfectly seasoned venison pasties, the most delicious stewed eels, and the brightest sack and claret, were to be had at the Star at Lewes. Besides these good things, and many others, those who lodged with Dame Dunster had the luxury of linen white as snow, and fragrant of lavender. Nothing, in short, was wanting at the Star—a comely and good-humoured landlady, young and not ill-favoured handmaidens,

and active drawers—these for the guests, while for their steeds there were good stables and good provender.

Beneath the hostel there existed, and indeed still exists, a large vault, wherein, as the high sheriff had intimated to Captain Brand, it was intended to place Derrick Carver for the night. The subterranean chamber was of great strength, the roof high and arched, and the walls of solid stone. It was of great antiquity, and had originally belonged to a monastic edifice. On one side, at a considerable height from the ground, was an unglazed window or aperture, contrived for the admission of air and light. This aperture was placed on a level with the street, and was secured by stout iron bars, fixed horizontally and close together. This singular vault is still much in the same state as we have described it, though it is now used for other purposes than as a place of detention of prisoners, being, in fact, a very cool and commodious cellar.

When Derrick Carver was taken into the inn-yard, as already related, he became so faint that he was obliged to sit down on a horse-block for a few minutes to recover himself. Noticing his feeble condition, Dame Dunster, who had come forth to look at him, kindly sent for a cup of sack, and offered it to him. But Father Josfrid again interposed, and bade her take the wine away, if she would not fall under the same ban as the miserable wretch before her. But the kind-hearted hostess persisted, whereupon the priest snatched the cup from her, and dashed its contents on the ground.

"You must have a heart utterly void of compassion, or you could not act thus," cried Dame Dunster to Father Josfrid. "You would see the poor man die, and not raise a hand to help him. It would be happy for him, indeed, if he were to die, as in that case he would escape further cruelty."

"I am better now," replied Derrick Carver, raising himself to his feet by a great effort. "I

lack not the wine you would have given me to drink, but I thank you heartily for the kind intent, and invoke Heaven's blessings upon your house."

"Thy blessings will prove curses, thou outcast from Heaven," cried the priest.

"Be not troubled by his words, good sister," said Carver. "Be mindful of what I say to you. Avoid idolatry and superstition. Place your faith in the Gospel, and you shall live. Pray for me, sister, and I will pray for you."

Dame Dunster and her maidens turned away weeping, while Carver descended a flight of stone steps leading to the vault, the door of which being unlocked, he was rudely thrust into the subterranean chamber. A few trusses of straw for a couch, with bread-and-water for sustenance, being supplied him, he was left alone, and the door locked outside.

After glancing round the vault, noting its size, and the solidity of its walls, Carver turned his

attention to the barred opening, already described as being on a level with the street. Through this opening noises reached his ears, but no one was allowed to approach and hold converse with him, a guard being placed outside the inn.

Carver took a few turns in the vault, and then sitting down upon a wooden bench, which constituted its sole furniture, took out his Bible, which had been happily spared him, and began to read it. He had been occupied in this manner for some time, when the strokes of a pickaxe dealt upon the stones in the street disturbed him, and he raised his head to listen. By-and-by the clatter of a shovel was heard—then there was a great noise as if several men were carrying a heavy mass, which appeared to be plunged into a hole that had just been digged; and then there was a dull, dead, thumping sound, as if the earth were being beaten down by a ram.

Suspecting what was going forward, but desiring to know the truth, Carver placed the bench im-

mediately below the window, and, mounting upon it, raised himself so that he could just look through the bars into the street. He then found that his conjectures were correct, and that the noises he had heard were caused by men who were planting the stake in the ground to which he was to be attached on the morrow. With a mournful curiosity he watched them at their work, and did not withdraw till the stake was firmly secured, and a heavy iron chain attached to it. He had just got down, when he heard Captain Brand, whose harsh voice he instantly recognised, giving directions to the men.

"Take care that plenty of fagots are provided," he said; "and, furthermore, I must have an empty tar-barrel, large enough to hold the prisoner. He boasts of his firmness," added Brand, with a bitter laugh. "We will see whether we cannot shake it."

It would seem that he was likely to be disappointed in his expectation, for Carver heard the order given without the slightest feeling of dread,

but calmly resumed the perusal of the sacred volume at the point where he had laid it aside. Neither did he desist until it grew dark, and he was unable to read longer.

He then knelt down and prayed fervently, continuing his vigils until long after midnight, when weariness overcame him, and, flinging himself upon the straw, he presently fell asleep.

He was roused from his slumbers by a stone which fell upon the floor of the vault not far from where he was lying, and as he stirred he heard a voice calling to him from the barred window, and looking in that direction, he could just distinguish the figure of a man.

"Who speaks?" he demanded, rising to his feet.

"A friend," replied the other. "Come nearer —quick!"

"The voice seems familiar to me," observed Carver, "and if I did not deem it impossible, I should say it was——"

"It is he you suppose," interrupted the speaker. "Come as near me as you can, and come quickly, for I may be discovered."

Thus adjured, Carver mounted the bench, and was then only separated by the bars from the person outside, whom he now recognised as Osbert Clinton.

"Why have you incurred this danger on my account, oh, rash young man?" he cried.

"I have somewhat to impart," replied Osbert; "but I must be brief, for though the man on guard has quitted his post, he may return. In a word, then, I shall make an attempt to deliver you from these bloodthirsty tigers to-morrow. I have half a dozen friends with me, and when you are brought forth for execution, we will fall upon the guard and set you free."

"I forbid you to make the attempt, my son," replied Carver. "I am fully prepared to die, and would not accept a pardon from my enemies were it offered me. By freeing me as you propose, you

would wrest from me the crown of martyrdom which I hope to win at yonder stake. My race is almost run, and the goal is at hand. I have done with the world, and would not be brought back to it. My last sufferings will be sharp, but they will be speedily over, and I rejoice that I am able to bear them. Again, I say, this attempt must not be made."

"Since you will have it so, I must needs obey," rejoined Osbert, in a mournful tone. "And yet I would try to move you."

"It would be in vain," said Carver. "Our moments are precious. Let them not be wasted in idle discussion. I will not fly from the death prepared for me. The stake is ready, and shall not want the victim. I know you will readily do me a service. Seek out my poor wife and children at Brightelmstone, and bid them farewell for me."

"I have already seen them," replied Osbert. "Your wife is ill—too ill to leave the house—and I enjoined her not to come here to-morrow."

"You did right—quite right," rejoined Carver. "What of my aged mother?" he demanded, in a voice of profound emotion.

"I ought to have no concealment from you now," said Osbert. "Your mother is no more."

"I thought so," replied Carver, after a pause. "She appeared to me just now during my slumber. Her countenance wore a heavenly smile, and methought her lips opened to address me, but I could not catch the words she uttered. Her spirit was still hovering nigh me when you woke me from the blissful dream."

There was a deep, solemn pause, after which Carver continued: "And now, Osbert Clinton, I have some counsel to give you. The success of the great enterprise on which you are engaged will depend on the prudence with which it is conducted. Be not rash. Wait for a favourable opportunity to strike the blow, and take heed that you do not place confidence in traitors."

"We expect men and money from France," said Osbert.

"France will play you false, as she has done before," replied Carver.

"But we are obliged to trust to that power, since we have now no other resources," said Osbert. "All our possessions have been seized and sequestered, and we have not wherewithal to pay the host we could raise. We have men, but not money. We lack as many chests of gold as were brought from Spain by Philip when he landed at Southampton."

"What became of that Spanish bullion?" demanded Carver.

"Part of it has been expended in bribes to our venal nobles," replied Osbert. "But the rest is deposited in the Tower."

"Is there much of the treasure left?" inquired Carver.

"Half is left, as I understand," replied Osbert.

"Why not seize upon it, then?" cried the other.

"'Tis lawful spoil. Instead of being employed to corrupt mercenary nobles to enslave their country, let it be used to free the land from Spanish thraldom and Popish tyranny. Have no scruples. Seize upon it, I say. It was brought into England to forge golden fetters for our rulers, let it be turned into avenging swords."

"That treasure, indeed, would accomplish all we seek, if we could obtain possession of it," said Osbert. "But I have told you it is safely deposited in the Tower."

"And I say to you that it must be your business to get it thence," rejoined Carver.

"You would not have me lay siege to the Tower to obtain it?" said Osbert.

"By stratagem you may accomplish what you desire," returned Carver. "I have no plan to suggest; but if you weigh the matter carefully over, one is sure to occur to you."

"I will give it due consideration," said Osbert. "Have you aught more to say?"

"Only to wish you happiness with her you love," replied Carver. "My last words to Constance were to urge her to look forward confidently to the day when she will be united to you. For that day will come. It may not come so soon as you anticipate and desire, but come it will. One word more, and I have done. Should this insurrection prosper, and your enemies fall into your hands, let no harm befal Cardinal Pole. And now tarry no longer, my son. Take my blessing with you, and depart."

"It is time," replied Osbert. "I hear the footsteps of the guard. I shall be near you at the stake. Adieu!"

So saying, he disappeared, while Carver, descending from the bench, knelt down and prayed fervently.

His devotions ended, he arose, and bethinking him of the vision he had seen during his slumber, he called out, "Spirit of her from whom I derived my being, if thou art indeed permitted

to visit me, and art nigh me now, as I think, I adjure thee to manifest thyself to me in the same angelic form, and with the same angelic aspect, as I beheld thee in my dream. Appear before me in this celestial guise if thou canst, and cheer and comfort me with thy smile!"

At the close of this invocation, which he uttered with great fervour, he looked around, half hoping that the spirit would become visible, but nothing met his gaze except the gloomy walls of his prison. He fancied, however, that he heard something like a soft, low sigh, and felt a breath of cool air upon his brow.

"It may not be," he said. "Thou canst not reveal thyself to me, or mine eyes are unable to discern thee. But I must have patience. In a few short hours I shall be as thou art, and we can then hold the communion together which is denied us now."

He then resumed his devotions, and continued in earnest prayer till dawn glimmered through

the bars of the window, and ere long filled the vault with light.

Then some slight stir began to be heard in the street, and by-and-by those on guard peered in at the bars of the window. They beheld the prisoner seated upon the bench, with the Bible open on his knee, profoundly occupied in its perusal.

IV.

THE PROCESSION TO THE CALVARY.

A LOVELY morning dawned upon Lewes. The sun, which ere it reached its meridian was destined to shine upon a terrible ceremonial, rose brilliantly over Mount Caburn, glittering upon the brow of that majestic eminence, and on the smooth summits of the adjacent hills, and filling the wide valley, watered by the meandering Ouse, with radiance. Kingston Hill with the heights, enclosing the valley on the west, and extending to Newhaven, glowed with roseate lustre, as did lordly Mount Harry and his subject hills at the

rear of the town. The noble amphitheatre of downs, by which the town is surrounded, were seen in all their beauty, and no one unacquainted with what was passing would have supposed that a morn so auspicious could usher in other than a joyous day.

At an early hour the bells of the different churches began to toll solemnly, announcing to the inhabitants that a sad ceremonial was about to take place, and shortly after six o'clock a religious procession, consisting of a number of Cluniac monks, with the clergy and authorities of the place, the high sheriff, the under-sheriffs, the chief burgesses, with the headborough and constables, assembled in the High-street, and proceeded to the Star Inn, where Derrick Carver was brought out, and ordered to join it. The train was headed by the Cluniac monks, who were attired in the habits of their order, and after them walked the prisoner, with Father Josfrid beside him. Next came the sheriff with

Captain Brand, then the local clergy and authorities, while the headborough and constables brought up the rear. The procession descended the steep street leading to the East-gate, through which it passed, and then, turning off on the right, and skirting the old walls, which were thronged with spectators, crossed the valley to Southover, and shaped its course towards the singular mount rising on the east of the ruined priory of Saint Pancras. On the summit of this eminence, a large crucifix, with the figure of the Saviour nailed to it, was then reared, forming, from its commanding position, a conspicuous object for miles around.

On reaching the summit of the mount the monks prostrated themselves at the foot of the cross, and began to recite a prayer, while the rest of the procession assumed an equally reverential posture. Derrick Carver, however, refused to kneel, and on this occasion his prejudices were respected. As he remained standing amidst the kneeling assem-

blage, he cast his eyes around, and surveyed the fair scene of which he was about to take leave for ever. To one less firmly constituted, it might have seemed hard to quit so lovely a world. But his thoughts were fixed on heaven, and though Nature put on her most tempting aspect, she could not lure him back to earth.

Immediately beneath him lay the ruins of the once noble priory of Saint Pancras, demolished by the Vicar-General Cromwell, in the reign of Henry VIII., and as he looked at the fragments of this vast and stately pile, Carver rejoiced in its destruction. Adjoining these ruins was an immense dovecot, built in the form of a cross, above which thousands of pigeons were circling or alighting on its roof. On his right, across a woody valley, climbing the side of a hill, and with its picturesque habitations intermingled with trees, was the town with whose annals his name was thenceforward to be associated. Beautiful it looked on that bright clear morning, and proudly towered

its old Norman castle—grey walls, quaint houses, and church-towers, glittering in the sunbeams, and all seeming to claim attention; but Carver turned from them to gaze at the downs, and as his eye wandered over those fair hills, thoughts of other days rushed upon him.

Many and many a happy hour had he spent upon those downs. Familiar with all their beauties, his imagination carried him from point to point, till it brought him to the little fishing-town where he was born, and where the greater part of his life had been spent. For a moment only did he yield to the emotions awakened within his breast. They were sharp and poignant, but he instantly checked them, and resumed his former stoicism.

Just then, the monks having finished their prayer, arose, and began to chant a hymn to the blessed Virgin, in which all those with them joined. Many of the inhabitants of the town had followed the procession to the calvary, and by this time a large concourse had assembled on the sides

and at the base of the mount. All these persons joined in the choral hymn; and the effect of so many voices linked together in harmony was inexpressibly fine.

At the conclusion of the hymn the monks began slowly to descend the mount, chanting lugubrious strains as they moved along. The others followed in the same order as before. As Derrick Carver marched on, many of the spectators expressed their sympathy for him, but no one was suffered to approach him, or exchange a word with him.

Amongst those who had followed the procession to the mount were some half-dozen young men on horseback, who had hitherto kept aloof from the crowd; but just as Derrick Carver reached the foot of the mount, one of them suddenly dismounted, and leaving his steed with his companions, forced himself into a front place amid the line of spectators.

The movement attracted the attention of the prisoner, who instantly recognised Osbert Clinton,

and signified to him by his gestures that no change had taken place in his sentiments.

Osbert's imprudent movement, however, had not escaped the notice of Captain Brand, who, moreover, detected the glance of intelligence that passed between the young man and Carver. When Osbert shortly afterwards rejoined his companions and remounted his horse, Brand directed the sheriff's attention to the group, and inquired if he knew the young men.

De Warren replied in the negative, declaring they must be strangers.

"I am certain I have seen that young man before," observed Brand, "though I cannot, for the moment, give him a name. Ha! I have it!" he exclaimed, quickly. "It is Osbert Clinton."

"What! he who was engaged in the last rising?" cried the sheriff, surprised.

"The same," replied Brand. "I am sure of it. And now I look at the others, I cannot doubt but that they are the ringleaders in that treasonable

affair. A heavy price is set on all their heads, and I must call upon you to aid me in their capture, Sir Richard."

"I will readily do so," replied De Warren; "but even supposing you are right in your suspicions, we must act with prudence. They are all well mounted, and on the slightest movement will be off, and easily baffle pursuit upon these downs. Alarm them not. They are following the procession. Once in the town, we can easily secure them."

"They are evidently come to witness the execution," said Brand, "and may design to rescue the prisoner."

"Fear nothing; we shall have them safe enough if we proceed with caution," rejoined the sheriff. "I will presently give instructions concerning them to Master Piddinghoe, the headborough."

"Leave the matter to me, I pray you, Sir Richard," said Brand. "I can manage it without the headborough's aid."

"You desire to obtain the whole reward, eh, Captain Brand?" observed De Warren. "Well, as you please."

The whole of this conversation had reached the ears of Derrick Carver, who marched in front of the speakers, and the danger incurred by Osbert and his friends caused him great uneasiness. Fain would he have warned them of their peril by look or gesture, but no opportunity of doing so occurred.

Meantime, the procession moved on, and, pursuing a different course on its return, entered the town by the Water-gate, and then ascending the steep and narrow thoroughfare called Saint Mary's-lane, came forth into the High-street, exactly opposite the Star Inn. To his great satisfaction, Captain Brand remarked that Osbert Clinton and his companions had likewise passed through the Water-gate.

V.

HOW CAPTAIN BRAND SOUGHT TO CAPTURE THE CONSPIRATORS.

On being brought back to the hostel, Derrick Carver was again conducted to the vault, there to remain till the hour appointed for his execution. He was so much troubled in spirit, owing to his anxiety for the safety of Osbert Clinton and his companions, that he could not address himself to prayer, and was pacing to and fro, when the door was unlocked, and the hostess entered. Her first business was to set down a little basket which she had concealed under her mantle, and she then

informed Carver that she had brought him some wine and food. "I have prevailed upon Master Piddinghoe to grant me admittance to you," she said, "and I have managed to bring in this basket unperceived by the guard. Eat, I pray you, if only a morsel, and drink a cup of wine. It will strengthen you."

"I thank you heartily, good mistress," replied Carver, "but I shall eat and drink no more. There is, however, one great service which you can render me, if you are so minded."

And he looked at her wistfully.

"What is it?" she replied. "Tell me, and I will do it. You may perfectly confide in me."

Carver then, in a few words, informed her of the danger of Osbert Clinton and his friends, and after describing their appearance, entreated her to warn them speedily.

"I will do your bidding without an instant's delay," she replied. "I have seen the gentlemen you describe, and will find them out, and urge

them to instant flight. This accounts for the orders I heard given to Master Piddinghoe by Sir Richard de Warren, that all the town gates are to be closed, and no one allowed to go forth without a password. Luckily, I overheard it, and will give it to your friends."

"You have removed a load of anxiety from my breast, good mistress," said Carver. "If they are safe, I shall die content."

"Then let no anxiety on their account trouble you further," she rejoined. "Ere many minutes they shall be out of Lewes. Farewell!"

"Farewell, sister; my blessing go with you."

Hereupon the hostess quitted the vault, and Carver, whose bosom was no longer oppressed, knelt down and resumed his devotions.

Meanwhile, Dame Dunster, quitting the hostel privily, went in search of Osbert and his companions; but she could discover nothing of them, and at last came to the conclusion that they had already flown. She ascertained, however, that in

obedience to the sheriff's orders, all the town gates were shut and guarded.

The hour appointed for the execution was now at hand. The bell of Saint Michael's Church began to toll solemnly. A great crowd was already collected in front of the Star Inn, but a clear space was kept by the constables around the stake.

The din and confusion in the street, though it reached his ears, did not distract the prisoner from his devotions, and he continued in earnest prayer, until at last the door of his cell was thrown open, and the sheriff, with Captain Brand, Father Josfrid, and two officers provided with halberds, entered the vault. On seeing them, Derrick Carver immediately arose from his knees, and told them, in a firm voice, that he was ready.

"I cannot hold out any hope of pardon to you," said De Warren, "but I would fain hope that you will not die impenitent."

"I shall die, sir, as I have lived, in the faith I have professed and defended," replied Carver.

"Peradventure you are of opinion that an attempt will be made to liberate you?" observed Brand. "It is well you should be undeceived. The dangerous rebels who have ventured here have fallen into a snare."

"Are they taken?" cried Carver.

"They soon will be," replied Brand. "Thou thyself mayst possibly behold their capture. We hold them in our hands. Their retreat is cut off. It will be my business to convey them to the Tower."

"Alas! why did they come hither?" groaned Carver.

"That is best known to themselves," rejoined Brand; "but they have done me a good turn by coming."

"Have you aught to confess or declare concerning them?" demanded the sheriff.

"An idle question," rejoined Carver. "Think you I would say aught to their detriment?"

Thereupon, the sheriff, bidding the officers bring forth the prisoner, quitted the cell, and was presently followed by the others. Several persons were assembled in the inn-yard, and amongst them were Dame Dunster and her handmaidens, weeping bitterly, to whom Carver bade an eternal adieu, bidding them be comforted.

The gates, which had been hitherto kept closed, were then thrown open, and the prisoner becoming visible to a portion of the vast assemblage collected in the street, loud cries arose.

The stake, as we have already mentioned, was planted in the middle of the High-street, exactly opposite the Star Inn, where the thoroughfare was widest. Around the place of execution a large circular space was kept clear by the constables and other officers armed with halberds, and within this ring was heaped up a great pile of fagots with bundles of dried gorse. In front of the stake stood the large empty tar-barrel, commanded by Captain

Brand. It was reared on end, and the top had been staved in. Such were the preparations made for the terrible ceremonial.

Into this ring Derrick Carver marched with firm footstep, and his appearance was greeted with out-cries of various kinds from the beholders. He was closely attended by Father Josfrid, who continued to press exhortations upon him, to which he refused to listen. At this juncture Captain Brand came up to him, and said, "Thy life shall be spared for a few minutes, that thou mayst know the fate of thy friends." He then added to the officers: "Chain him not to the stake till you receive the sheriff's signal from yonder window."

And he pointed, as he spoke, to a large open window on the first floor of the inn, which, unlike all the other windows of the house, was destitute of spectators. Every spot, indeed, commanding a view of the place of execution was occupied. The entrance to Saint Mary's-lane was blocked up by a small party of horsemen, who, it need scarcely be

said, were Osbert Clinton and his friends. They had stationed themselves at this point in order to secure a retreat in case of need, but were wholly unaware that a party of armed men were slowly ascending the narrow thoroughfare in their rear.

On quitting Derrick Carver, Captain Brand returned to the inn-yard, where he had left his officers, and, putting himself at their head, was about to sally forth and make the arrest he meditated, when his plan was most unexpectedly thwarted by Dame Dunster, who, suddenly appearing at the open window which we have described as reserved for the high sheriff and his attendants, leaned from it, and waving a kerchief to attract the attention of Osbert and his friends, called out to them in a loud voice,

"Save yourselves!—save yourselves!—you are betrayed!"

Thus warned, the horsemen turned instantly to ride down the hill, but at once perceived that their retreat in this direction was cut off. Osbert did

not hesitate a moment, but calling out lustily to the crowd, "Make way, friends!—make way!" a passage was instantly opened for him and his companions, and, ere any hindrance could be offered them, they were all within the ring, and close to the prisoner.

"You will not see this good man barbarously put to death, my masters," cried Osbert, "but will aid him to escape."

Several voices instantly answered the appeal, and a great tumult arose amid the crowd.

"Think not of me, but save yourself!" cried Carver to Osbert. "I shall not quit this spot."

So suddenly had the daring deed we have described been executed, that surprise took away the power of opposition from the constables and halberdiers, but they now took heart, and encircled the horsemen, who had drawn their swords, and kept them off. At the same time, Captain Brand, who was issuing from the inn-yard with his men, vociferated,

"Stay them, in the Queen's name!—let them not pass!—they are rebels and traitors!"

"Touch us not, good friends," cried Osbert. "We are true men, and would deliver you from Spanish bondage and Popish thraldom."

Upon this several of the crowd called out,

"We are for you, masters. This way!—this way!"

And, seconding their words by deeds, they threw themselves upon the constables in front of them, and speedily opened a passage, through which Osbert and his companions got out of the ring, and dashed up the High-street.

A number of persons instantly started in pursuit, and as the West-gate was closed, it was thought that the fugitives must infallibly be captured; but those who entertained the notion were wrong, since, instead of seeking an exit by that gate, Osbert and his companions turned off on the left, and dashing down another thoroughfare as steep and narrow as St. Mary's-lane, descended it in

safety, and on reaching the bottom of the hill, found that the Water-gate was open, and rode through it ere the warder had time to shut it. Being now out of the town, and all admirably mounted, they set pursuit at defiance, and in less than an hour were safe on the other side of Kingston Hill.

VI.

THE MARTYRDOM OF DERRICK CARVER.

So great was the confusion in the High-street after the flight of Osbert Clinton and his companions, and so threatening were the language and attitude of the populace, that it became a question with the sheriff whether it would not be prudent to postpone the execution to the following day. As a matter of precaution, Derrick Carver was taken into the entrance-hall of the hostel, the door of which was closed, and a guard placed before it.

Here he was kept for nearly an hour, when Captain Brand returned with the intelligence that

he had failed in capturing the rebels. These were joyful tidings to Derrick Carver, and he exclaimed, "Now I shall die content!"

After a brief consultation between the sheriff and Brand, it was decided that the execution should be proceeded with, upon which Brand went forth with his men, and soon succeeded in clearing a space, as before, round the stake.

This done, Derrick Carver was again brought forth, and when he appeared on the threshold of the inn, a great cry arose from the people, and it became evident from the violence of their gestures and vociferations that another disturbance was at hand.

Alarmed by these menacing demonstrations, Sir Richard de Warren, who was of a somewhat timid nature, ordered the prisoner to be taken back, but Brand insisted that the sentence must be carried out.

"We must not yield to intimidation," he said. "The law must be carried out at all risks."

Still the sheriff hesitated, when Derrick Carver interposed:

"I pray you, sirs, let me speak to them," he said. "They will listen to me."

"Speak to them if thou wilt," rejoined Brand. "But say nought to inflame them further, or it shall be worse for thee."

Having obtained this permission, Carver called out in a loud voice to the assemblage that he desired to address them, upon which the tumult and clamour instantly ceased.

"Hear me, good friends," he cried, amidst the sudden silence. "I am come here to give testimony by my death to truth and pure religion against Antichrist and false doctrines, and I beseech you, if you hold with me in the Faith, to let me die in peace. I would have my ending profitable to you, and not the cause of bloodshed and destruction even of my enemies."

This address produced the effect desired, and

from that moment the crowd became tranquil, and offered no further interruption to the proceedings.

Seeing that order was restored, the sheriff committed the further conduct of the ceremonial to Brand, and withdrew to the upper window overlooking the street, whence he could contemplate the tragical spectacle as from a tribune.

Meantime, Derrick Carver, pushing aside Father Josfrid, marched up to the stake, and after embracing it tenderly, knelt down, and in tones of the utmost fervour prayed for strength and heavenly grace that he might by his death glorify the Saviour's holy name, ratify his Gospel, comfort the hearts of the weary, confirm his Church, and convert such as were to be converted. He further prayed for support during the grievous torments to which he was about to be subjected, offering himself up as a willing sacrifice and burnt-offering, and concluded by

imploring that the blessing of the Word, of which the realm was at present unhappily deprived, might be once more vouchsafed to it. This prayer, uttered aloud and with great earnestness, produced a profound impression on all who heard it.

Seeing this, and anxious to efface the impression, Father Josfrid advanced towards him, and said,

"Wretched man, thy last hour is arrived; but there is yet time to save thy soul if thou wilt recant thine heresies, and return to the Church thou hast abandoned, but which is willing to receive thee."

"Hence with thee, tempter!" cried Carver, rising to his feet. "Wert thou to offer me all the riches of earth I would not become an idolater."

Thus rebuked, Father Josfrid withdrew, and his place was taken by two rough-looking men,

one of whom rudely ordered the prisoner to make ready.

Upon this, Carver proceeded to divest himself of a portion of his apparel, and while he was thus employed, several persons among the crowd called out to him for a memorial, upon which he threw his garments amongst them, and they were instantly seized upon by a hundred eager hands, and rent in pieces, the fragments being carefully preserved by those who were fortunate enough to secure them.

As he was taking off his doublet, the sacred volume which had been the solace of his long imprisonment, and which he had kept about him to this moment, fell to the ground; seeing which, Captain Brand, who was standing by, picked it up, and with a look of disdain tossed it into the tar-barrel near the stake.

The two rough-looking men, who had remained near the prisoner, now took hold of him, and

raising him in their arms, set him within the barrel. Thus disposed, Carver's first business was to take up the Bible, and after pressing his lips to it, he threw it amidst the crowd.

Greatly enraged by the act, Captain Brand called out in a furious voice to the person who had secured the prize to restore it instantly on pain of death, whereupon it was flung back, and was subsequently consigned to the flames.

A heavy chain was then passed around Carver's body and made fast to the stake. Left to himself for a moment, the martyr then called out in a loud voice, "Farewell, dear brethren, farewell! Our Church is encompassed about by deadly enemies, who seek its destruction, and it is for the restoration of that Church that my blood is this day freely poured forth. It will not be shed in vain. Comfort ye amid your troubles, and remain steadfast in your faith! Happier days shall soon dawn upon you. Farewell, O, farewell!"

No sooner had he concluded this valediction, which was responded to by loud lamentations from the majority of the assemblage, than the men began to heap fagots around him, filling the barrel with dry gorse and brushwood.

Before the pile, which was heaped up to his shoulders, could be lighted, the martyr exclaimed, "Blessed are they who die in the Lord. Thrice blessed are they who die in the Lord's cause. Fear not them that kill the body, for they cannot kill the soul. He that shall lose his life for my sake shall find it, saith our blessed Saviour, in the which hope I die. Again, dear brethren, I bid you farewell!"

"A truce to thy blasphemy!" cried Brand, seizing a torch and applying it to the pile.

Fast and fierce burnt the fire, and quickly mounted the flame, but, to judge from the serene expression of his countenance, it might have been as innocuous to the martyr as was the blaze of

the burning fiery furnace to the three Israelites. Not a groan escaped Derrick Carver, and his last words were, "I go to obtain my reward."

Captain Brand was as good as his word. A rare bonfire was seen that day at Lewes. Fagots and brushwood were heaped upon the pile till the flames rose up higher than the upper windows of the old hostel, and the heat was so great, that those nearest the blazing mass drew back half scorched.

When the fire had burnt out, all that remained was a heap of ashes, in the midst of which stood a charred stake with an iron chain attached to it.

Such was the martyrdom of Derrick Carver.

His memory is not forgotten in Lewes; and on the fifth of November in each year, a great torchlight procession, composed of men in fantastic garbs and with blackened visages, and dragging blazing tar-barrels after them, parades the High-street, while an enormous bonfire is lighted oppo-

site the Star Inn, on the exact spot where Derrick Carver perished, into which, when at its highest, various effigies are cast. A more extraordinary spectacle than is presented by this commemoration of the Marian persecutions in Lewes it has never been our lot to witness.

End of the Sixth Book.

BOOK VII.

THE TREASURE-CHESTS.

I.

THE LOVES OF OG AND LILIAS.

It will probably be recollected under what singular circumstances the acquaintance began between Og the gigantic and Lilias the fair. From the very moment when the damsel, seated behind the giant on the broad back of Arundel, passed her arm round his waist, a flame was kindled in his breast never afterwards to be extinguished. A magnetic influence was exercised over him by Lilias, and he speedily became as much enthralled by her fascinations as was Sir Bevis of Southampton, whom he then represented, by the charms

of the peerless Princess Josyan. When he and his gigantic brothers, with Sir Narcissus and Lady le Grand, proceeded to Winchester to take part in the pageants displayed there during the royal nuptials, Lilias accompanied them, and, before many days had elapsed, her conquest of Og was complete. She had him, as Gog confidentially remarked to Magog, "entirely under her thumb."

"Will he be fool enough to marry her, think you, brother?" observed Magog, shrugging his shoulders, and thinking of Dame Placida.

"Hum! I cannot say, but I shall do my best to dissuade him from the step," rejoined Gog.

So the brothers laid their huge heads together, and the result was that they devised a plan by which they hoped to get rid altogether of the fair syren, and cure Og of his ridiculous passion, as they deemed it. Their plan was to send back Lilias to Southampton, and persuade Og that she had left him of her own accord to return to her

former admirer, and they managed the matter so adroitly that Og was completely duped, and, after a tremendous burst of indignation against the fickleness of the sex, vowed he would never think of the false jillflirt again. His brothers commended his resolution, and told him he had had a narrow escape.

"If you are wise, you will take warning by me, and never marry," said Magog.

"If he must needs marry, let him choose a buxom widow, and not a tricksome girl like Lilias."

"I don't mean to marry at all," cried Og, resolutely.

But the fangs of disappointment gnawed his heart. He grew moody and dull, and avoided the society of his brothers.

After a month's absence from the Tower, the three gigantic warders returned there, and resumed their ordinary duties. But Og's melancholy in-

creased, and his brothers at last began to feel uneasy about him, and to regret the part they had played.

"It would be a grievous thing were he to break his heart for this silly girl," remarked Gog. "He seems pining away for her."

"He may be pining away," observed Magog; "but he is in good case still, and his appetite is not amiss, judging by the havoc he made with the cold chine of beef and lumbar-pie at breakfast this morning, to say nothing of the stoop of ale which he managed to empty. Nevertheless, I agree with you, brother Gog, that he is not himself, and hath quite lost his old pleasant humour. He never jests, as was his wont, and I have not heard a hearty laugh from him since we sent Lilias away."

"I begin to think we did wrong in meddling in the matter," observed Gog. "I shall never cease to reproach myself if anything should happen to him."

"Well, we acted for the best," said Magog. "I

only wish my marriage had been prevented," he added, with a groan. "Let us see how he goes on. Perchance, he may recover."

But Og did *not* recover, and, although he did not exhibit any of the usual symptoms of despairing love, as loss of appetite, or flesh, a lacklustre eye, and disordered manner, still he became more gloomy and sullen than ever, and rarely exchanged a word with his brothers.

Nearly eight months had now flown since he had beheld Lilias, and still her image was constantly before him, and the witchery she had practised upon him by her fascinations and allurements had not lost a jot of its power. He was still as much under her sway as if she had been with him all the time.

One evening, while he was taking a solitary walk upon the ramparts, and thinking of Lilias, he saw Xit hastening towards him, and would have avoided him, but the dwarf stopped him, saying,

"Give thee good e'en, Og. I was looking for thee. I bring thee good news."

"Out of my way," rejoined the giant, gruffly. "I am in no humour for jesting."

"I know thou art become as surly as a bear with a sore head," replied Xit; "but thou hadst best not provoke a quarrel with me, or thou wilt rue it."

"Pass on," roared Og, "and exercise thy wit at the expense of those who are amused by it—my brothers, for example. But meddle not with me. I am dangerous."

"Big words do not terrify me," rejoined Xit, with a mocking laugh. "Furious as thou art, I can tame thee with a word. I have but to pronounce the name of 'Lilias Ringwood,' and thou wilt straight become as gentle as a lamb. Ha! ha! ha! Was I not right?"

"Hast thou aught to tell me concerning Lilias?" cried Og, suddenly becoming as meek as the animal to which he had been likened. "If so, speak quickly!"

"Soh! thou art in the mood for converse now, and my jests do not appear tiresome to thee," rejoined Xit; "but I will not gratify thee. Thou art dull company. I will go to thy brothers."

"Nay, but Xit, sweet Xit, if thou hast any love for me, tell me what thou knowest of Lilias."

"Thou dost not deserve that I should tell thee aught, uncourteous giant," said Xit. "Nevertheless, out of compassion for thy miserable state I will speak. Know, then, most amorous Titan, that I have seen the lady of thy love——"

"Thou hast seen Lilias!" interrupted Og. "Oh! thou art my best friend. How doth she look? Is she comely as ever? Or is she changed and married to another? Tell me the worst. It may break my heart—but spare me not."

"I will tell thee the best and the worst as quickly as may be," rejoined Xit. "The best is, that Lilias is still true to thee, and looking lovelier than ever—the worst is, that she is coming to

the Tower in a few days, and therefore thou wilt soon behold her again."

"Why, the worst is best of all!" cried Og, transported with delight.

"Nay, it is worst," rejoined Xit; "because, when she comes, thou wilt be compelled to marry her."

"But I say to thee again that it is best, for I desire nothing so much as marriage with her. But thou art not making merry with me all this while? 'Twere a sorry jest to trifle with me thus."

"I am not trifling with thee, incredulous giant," replied Xit. "If the hand of the fair Lilias will make thee happy, thou shalt have it. That I promise thee. Now listen. Compassionating thy woful condition, I have been to Southampton, and seen the mistress of thy affections, and finding her still unfettered by matrimonial ties, still amiably disposed towards thee, I proposed marriage to her in thy name, and the offer was—accepted."

"Thou hast done me an incalculable service!"

cried Og, taking him in his arms, and hugging him tightly. "And so thou hast been to Southampton, and seen Lilias, and won her for me—eh? I have missed thee for the last week, but fancied thou wert with her Majesty at Whitehall."

"Set me down, and I will talk to thee," replied Xit. "Thou hast almost squeezed the breath out of my body;" and as Og placed him gently on the ground, he continued, "I will now let thee into a secret. But first promise not to be angry."

"I am far too happy to be angry with any one now," rejoined Og. "Speak out. What hast thou to reveal?"

"I must set thee right upon one point. When Lilias quitted thee so suddenly at Winchester, it was not, as thou wert led to suppose, from a desire to be reconciled to her first lover. Her disappearance was contrived by Gog and Magog, who did not wish thee to wed the damsel."

"Thunder and lightning! was it so?" roared Og, with sudden fury.

"Remember thy promise," said Xit.

"Well, proceed," cried Og, trying to calm himself.

"Perceiving the mischief they had occasioned, and despairing of remedying the matter, thy brothers applied to me, and out of my love for them and thee, I offered to go to Southampton to see what could be done with Lilias. Accordingly I went, and how I succeeded in my mission thou art already aware."

"I am for ever beholden to thee," said Og. "And so Lilias will certainly be here in a few days. Why didst thou not bring her with thee?"

"I would fain have done so," replied Xit; "but she had preparations to make before her departure. However, she will be escorted by a young gentleman whom you may remember, Captain Rodomont Bittern, of Cardinal Pole's household."

"Rodomont Bittern!" exclaimed Og, knitting his bushy brow. "Why should he escort her?"

"Because he chances to be coming up to Lon-

don at the same time—nothing more, thou jealous and suspicious fool," rejoined Xit. "Captain Bittern's errand to Southampton was very different from mine. He did not go to propose a marriage, but to attend a funeral. You remember Constance Tyrrell?"

"Daughter of a wealthy Southampton merchant," replied Og. "Yes, I remember her. It was whispered that the King was enamoured of her, but that she preferred young Osbert Clinton. She is now at Lambeth Palace, under the guardianship of Cardinal Pole."

"I see you are well informed about her," replied Xit. "Well, old Tyrrell, her father, is just dead, and has made a very singular will. Since his daughter has become tainted with heresy, he has lost all affection for her, and has now disinherited her, and left the whole of his immense riches to—whom think'st thou?"

"Nay, I cannot guess," replied Og. "Not to Rodomont Bittern, I trust?"

"No, not to him," returned Xit. "He has made Cardinal Pole his heir, and the sum he has bequeathed is such as not even a Cardinal need despise. This was the reason why Rodomont Bittern and others of the Cardinal's household were sent down to Southampton to bury the old merchant and take possession of his property, and as I chanced to be there at the same time, I naturally came in contact with them, and on acquainting Captain Bittern with mine errand, he proffered his services, and accompanied me when I called on Lilias. It is but justice to him to add, that he pleaded thy cause with the damsel as warmly as I could do myself. When the affair was arranged, and Captain Bittern found that a longer stay at Southampton was inconvenient to me, he obligingly undertook to escort thy destined bride to London. Thus thou hast now the whole affair before thee. Methinks I have some little claim upon thy gratitude. So if you will come

with me to thy brothers, and assure them they are forgiven, I shall deem myself amply requited."

Og readily assented, and, quitting the ramparts, they proceeded to the Byward Tower, where they found Gog and Magog at supper, an immense pasty, with a cold ham, a mountainous loaf, and a mighty mazer filled with ale, being set before them.

As Og and Xit entered, they both rose from the table at which they were seated, and seeing there were no traces of anger on their brother's countenance, they held out their hands to him, which Og, so far from refusing, shook very cordially.

In a few moments all explanations were over, and the brothers amicably seated at the table, discussing the pasty, ever and anon applying to the mazer, and talking, when they were able to talk at all, of the approaching marriage.

II.

OF THE MEETING BETWEEN OG AND LILIAS ON TOWER-GREEN.

PRECISELY at the time that Lilias was expected, the King paid a visit to the Tower. He came from Whitehall by water, and was attended by Sir John Gage and Sir Henry Jerningham. On landing, he was received by the Lieutenant of the Tower, Sir Henry Bedingfeld, and a guard, among whom were the gigantic warders, and by his own desire was at once conducted to the Jewel House, where his chests of bullion were deposited.

This building was situated in a court belonging

to the old palace, its precise position being on the south of the White Tower, between the Queen's lodgings and the Cold Harbour Tower. At the door of the Jewel Tower the King was received by Master Thomas Lovel, the keeper, who seemed to expect his Majesty, and took him forthwith to the strong-room containing the treasure. After satisfying himself that the coffers were safe, Philip informed Lovel that he was about to place them in the Exchequer, and gave him some directions respecting their removal.

Before leaving the Jewel House, the King had some private converse with Lovel, who, it appeared, had an important communication to make to him. Having given further instructions in secret to the keeper, Philip proceeded to the White Tower, where he ascended to the great council-chamber, and after surveying it with much curiosity, repaired to the ancient Norman chapel dedicated to Saint John the Evangelist, and passed some time in devotion within it.

His examination of the White Tower ended, the King was proceeding with Sir Henry Bedingfeld towards the lieutenant's lodgings, and they had just reached the Tower-green, which was then, as now, shaded by noble trees, when lively strains greeted their ears, and other joyous sounds proclaimed that some festivities were going on. Turning to Sir Henry Bedingfeld, Philip inquired the cause of this rejoicing, but the latter looked perplexed, and being unable to obtain any information from those about him, despatched a warder to ascertain the meaning of the gleeful sounds. While the man was gone on his errand, Philip occupied himself in examining the exterior of the Beauchamp Tower, opposite which he had halted. In another minute the warder returned, with a broad grin upon his face, and imparted something to Sir Henry Bedingfeld, which at once caused a corresponding smile to illumine the lieutenant's grave countenance.

"An please your Majesty," said Sir Henry, ad-

dressing Philip, "I have just ascertained that those sounds of rejoicing are occasioned by the arrival from Southampton of the destined bride of one of our gigantic warders, Og—there he stands to answer for himself, if your Majesty will deign to question him."

"From Southampton!" exclaimed Philip. "I should not be surprised if it were the fair damsel I beheld there at the time of my arrival, who enacted the part of the Princess, when the giant himself personated the redoubted Sir Bevis."

"'Tis the very same, sire!" replied Og, advancing towards the King, and making a profound obeisance. "'Tis Lilias Ringwood, whom your Majesty deigns to remember. It would appear she has just arrived, though I myself have not had the gratification of beholding her."

"Thou shalt have that gratification anon," returned Philip; "but where are thy brothers? They were with thee just now. Are they with Lilias?"

"I conclude so, sire," replied Og. "While your Majesty was in the White Tower, they were summoned by Xit, with what intent I knew not then, though I can guess it now. They are giving Lilias a joyful welcome preparatory to our meeting. Under these circumstances, may I crave your gracious permission to join my intended bride?"

"Control thine impatience for a moment, and answer me one question," said Philip. "How long is it since thou hast seen her?"

"Not since your Majesty was espoused to the Queen at Winchester," replied Og.

"And she has not changed her mind during that long interval? By my faith, she is a very model of constancy!" exclaimed Philip, laughing. "Sir Henry Bedingfeld," he added to the lieutenant, "I would fain witness the meeting between this loving pair. Let the damsel be brought hither."

Whereupon, an order to that effect was instantly given by Bedingfeld.

Shortly afterwards the sound of a tabour and fife were heard, while the trampling of feet and other confused noises announced that a number of persons were coming up the road leading from the Bloody Tower to the green, and in another moment a little procession came in view.

At the head of the train strutted Xit, in a jerkin and mantle of crimson velvet, embroidered with gold, and carrying in his hand a pole decorated with ribbons of various colours, and hung with bells. Behind the mannikin marched Gog and Magog, sustaining between them a chair, in which sat Lilias Ringwood, arrayed in a very becoming green kirtle, and her pretty countenance suffused with blushes. Some twenty or thirty persons in holiday attire followed the bride, amongst whom were Rodomont Bittern, and his friends Nick Simnel and Jack Holiday. Besides

Lady le Grand and Magog's wife, Dame Placida, there was a troop of young damsels, several of whom had considerable pretensions to beauty.

As soon as the procession reached the green it came to a halt, and Xit advancing alone towards the King, and making a very ceremonious obeisance to his Majesty, desired to know his pleasure.

"Let the damsel approach," said Philip.

Whereupon Xit signed to the two giants to advance with their fair burden, and as they drew near, the King bade Og go forward and help her to alight. It is needless to say that the command was promptly obeyed. With a few mighty strides Og cleared the space between him and his mistress, while his brothers elevated the chair on which she was seated, as if to place her out of his reach. Lilias, however, did not hesitate to spring from the giddy height into her gigantic lover's outstretched arms, and was instantly clasped to his mighty breast. After gazing on

her rapturously for a moment, and uttering a few passionate words, he deposited her gently on the ground, amid the shouts and laughter of the beholders.

"Welcome! — thrice welcome!" he cried. "This moment amply repays me for all the misery I have endured."

"And have you really been unhappy without me?" inquired Lilias.

"Unhappy!" exclaimed Og; "I have been so wretched that it is a marvel I didn't drown myself in the Tower moat. However, it's all right now."

"To be sure it is," interposed Xit. "You will have plenty of time for explanations hereafter. Your first business is to present your bride to his Majesty."

"Come, then," said the giant, taking her hand, and leading her towards the King.

Lilias displayed no bashfulness, but tripped

gracefully by the side of her gigantic admirer, and made a profound reverence to his Majesty as she was presented to him.

"By my faith, good fellow, thou art to be envied," said Philip. "I would not advise thee to let this fair creature out of thy sight in future."

"I do not intend to give him the opportunity, sire," replied Lilias, demurely.

"Wisely resolved," rejoined Philip, laughing. "As I chanced to witness the commencement of your love affair, I am glad to see it brought to such a satisfactory conclusion. Make merry with your friends, and that you may do so without scruple, here is that shall help to pay for the wedding feast."

So saying, he took a well-filled purse from the velvet pouch depending from his girdle, and gave it to Sir Henry Bedingfeld, by whom it was handed to Og.

"We thank you most heartily for your bounty,

sire," said Og, bowing as he received the princely gift, "and shall not fail to drink long life to your Majesty."

"Ay, long life to his Majesty," cried Gog, in a stentorian voice, "and may Heaven shower its choicest blessings on his head. Shout, friends, shout!" he added, turning to the others, who instantly responded by loud cries of "Long live the King!"

Bowing graciously in acknowledgment, Philip moved away with his attendants, and proceeding to the lower end of the green, entered the lieutenant's lodgings, where he remained for some little time.

No sooner was the King gone, than Xit called out, in his shrillest tones,

"A dance! a dance! Let us not separate without some mirthful pastime suited to the occasion. A dance, I say, and as the merriest and best, let us begin with a brawl."

The proposition meeting with general concur-

rence, the minstrels began to play a very lively air, while the entire assemblage, with three exceptions, took hands, and formed an immense ring. The three persons excepted were the giants, whose stature forbade them to join in the dance; but as the others wheeled round them, they found it impossible to keep their limbs quiet, and began to execute such grotesque movements, that the dancers were scarcely able to proceed for laughter.

III.

BY WHOM THE WEDDING BREAKFAST WAS INTERRUPTED.

THE next day was a joyous one for Og, since it saw him indissolubly bound to the object of his affections. The marriage took place in the little chapel on the Tower-green, and the edifice was crowded during the ceremonial.

At its close, the happy couple adjourned, with their kinsfolk and friends, to the Stone Kitchen, where a copious and excellent repast had been prepared by Peter Trusbut, the pantler, who still exercised his vocation as purveyor to the warders of the Tower; and it need scarcely be said that full

justice was done to the many good things provided by him on this auspicious occasion.

It was always agreeable to Peter Trusbut and his worthy dame to see their guests enjoy themselves, and the rapidity and gusto with which the dishes were now demolished perfectly satisfied them. Gog and Magog ate more than usual in honour of their brother's marriage, and the bridegroom's prowess was hardly inferior to their own.

Of course Xit had been present at the wedding, and was likewise a principal guest at the breakfast that followed it. He was in high spirits, and diverted the company by his lively sallies. When the dishes had been removed, he leaped upon the table, goblet in hand, and, in appropriate terms, proposed the health of Og and his bride—a toast which was drunk with great cheers. While they were in the very midst of enjoyment, the door suddenly opened, and a man of exceedingly sinister aspect, and habited in a tight-fitting leathern doublet, appeared at it. At the sight of this ill-

favoured personage the countenances of the company fell, and their laughter ceased.

"Who is that strange man?" inquired Lilias of Og, in an under tone.

"It is Mauger, the executioner," replied her husband. "What brings thee here?" he added, half angrily, to the headsman.

"I am come to congratulate you on your marriage," replied Mauger. "Am I not welcome?"

"Sit down, and take a cup of wine," rejoined Og, filling a goblet.

"Here's health to the bonny bride!" cried Mauger, eyeing her curiously as he raised the flagon to his lips.

"I do not like his looks," said Lilias, clinging to her husband. "I wish he had not come."

"Harkye, Mauger," cried Xit, who was still standing upon the table, "thy presence is unsuited to this festive occasion, and we can, therefore, dispense with thy society."

"I shall not go at thy bidding, thou malapert

knave," rejoined Mauger. "I came to see the bride, not thee."

And he was about to seat himself in the chair left empty by the dwarf, when the latter prevented him, exclaiming,

"That chair is mine. Begone instantly, if thou wouldst not be unceremoniously thrust from the room."

Og seemed inclined to second the dwarf's threat, but his wife interposed, saying,

"Let him not be turned out, or it may bring us ill luck."

"It *will* bring you ill luck if I be so dealt with, fair mistress," rejoined Mauger, with an uncouth attempt at gallantry.

And, pushing Xit aside, he sat down in the vacant chair.

"I have a present for you, fair mistress," pursued the headsman to Lilias. "Here it is," he added, producing a silver box from his doublet. "This pomander was given me by Queen Catherine

Howard on the day of her execution, and I have kept it about me ever since, but I will now bestow it upon you, and I will tell you why. You have a neck as long, and as white, and as snowy as Queen Catherine's, and she had the whitest and slenderest throat my axe ever touched—therefore you well deserve the box. Take it, and if you ever need my services," he continued, with a grim smile, "you shall give it me back again. Smell to it—it is filled with delicate perfumes—ambergris, storax, benjoin, labdanum, civet, and musk. You will find it a preservative against infection."

"It seems to me to smell of blood," said Lilias, tossing back the box. "I will not have it."

"As you please," said Mauger, returning it to his doublet. "Yet it is not a gift to be despised."

"Enough of this," said Og, somewhat sternly. "Do you not perceive that you interrupt our festivities? My wife thanks you for your intended present, but declines it."

"I have nothing else to offer her, unless it be an earring worn by Queen Anne Boleyn——"

"I would not touch it for the world," cried Lilias, recoiling with horror.

"You know not what you refuse," said Mauger, testily; "but it is in vain that I try to render myself agreeable. Since I am an unwelcome guest, I will go. But I will tell you a word in parting. This day has begun blithely enough, but it will not end so merrily."

"What meanest thou?" cried Og, angrily. "Wouldst thou insinuate that something is about to happen to me and my bride?"

"Or to me—or to any other among us?" added Xit, with equal fierceness.

"No, I mean not that," replied Mauger. "But I tell you that the day will end differently from what you expect."

"Pshaw! thou art only saying this to frighten the women," said Og. "Sit down again and take another cup of wine."

"No, I have had enough," rejoined Mauger, in a surly tone. "I came here with presents to the bride—presents such as none other in the Tower could offer her—and they have been scornfully rejected. Be it so. A day may come for some of you, when it may be necessary to bespeak my favour."

And casting a stern and vindictive look around, he limped out of the room.

"I am glad he is gone," observed Lilias. "And yet I wish he had not left us in anger."

"Pshaw! heed him not," rejoined Og. "His odious office causes him to be generally shunned, and hence he is sour-tempered. He is gentler than usual to-day."

"Then he must, indeed, be savage," said Lilias, forcing a laugh.

"He is strangely superstitious," pursued Og, "and pretends he has warnings beforehand of the persons he is to put to death. From what he let fall just now, I fancy he has had one of those warnings."

"Saints preserve us! I hope not!" cried Lilias, turning pale. "I declare I feel quite ill. Did you not remark that he compared my neck to that of Queen Catherine Howard?"

"Nay, he meant that as a compliment," said her husband. "In good sooth, thou hast a dainty neck, sweetheart."

"Dainty or not, I like not the comparison," said Lilias. "When he looked at me, it seemed as if I felt the sharp edge of the axe—oh! take me into the air, or I shall faint."

Og instantly took her in his arms, saying, as he carried her forth, "If aught betide thee, sweet chuck, the day shall certainly not end merrily for Mauger."

"Do nothing to him, I charge you," rejoined Lilias, faintly. "We have offended him enough already."

IV.

HOW THE TREASURE-CHESTS WERE CARRIED TO TRAITOR'S GATE.

THE bride's sudden indisposition naturally put an end to the breakfast, and ere many minutes all the guests had quitted the Stone Kitchen. On being brought into the open air Lilias speedily revived, and the bloom which had temporarily deserted them returned to her cheeks. A stroll on the green completely restored her, though she was nearly made ill again by an injudicious remark of Xit, who pointed out to her the spot whereon the scaffold was usually erected.

In order to divert her from the gloomy thoughts which seemed to have been inspired by Mauger, Og took her to the palace and showed her over the royal apartments, with the size and splendour of which she was much astonished. They next visited the garden, with which she was also delighted, and were crossing the outer court towards the Cold Harbour Tower, when they encountered Lovel, the keeper of the Jewel Tower, who, courteously saluting the bride, volunteered to show her the treasures under his custody.

Lilias gratefully accepted the offer, and was taken with her husband and the whole party into the Jewel House, where the many precious articles contained in it were displayed to them. After they had feasted their eyes on this rich collection, Lovel said to the bride,

"You shall now see the coffers containing the bullion deposited here by his Majesty. This is the only opportunity you will have of viewing

them, for they are to be removed to the Exchequer to-night."

Upon this he unlocked the door of the strong-room, and showed them fifteen mighty chests piled within it. Each chest was wrapped in a cover emblazoned with the arms of Castile and Aragon. Removing the cover from one of them, Lovel disclosed a handsome coffer made of walnut, strengthened by bands of brass, and secured by two locks.

"Oh! how I should like to see what is inside it!" cried Lilias, after she had examined the exterior of the box.

And she looked so beseechingly at Lovel that he could not refuse to gratify her curiosity.

"It is against my orders to open the chests," he said. "Nevertheless, I will yield to your wishes."

And taking a bunch of keys from his girdle, he unlocked the coffer, and raising the lid, re-

vealed the bars of gold to Lilias's admiring gaze.

"Oh! how beautiful they look!" she cried, clapping her hands. "Cannot you spare one of them?—it would never be missed."

"Were the gold mine you should have one, and welcome, fair mistress," replied Lovel, gallantly. "But this is the King's treasure, and I am bound to guard it."

"But suppose it were to be carried off by force, what would you say then?" pursued Lilias, playfully.

"I cannot entertain any such supposition," he replied, shutting down the lid, and locking the coffer. "There! now I have removed temptation," he added, with a smile.

"That chest must be enormously heavy," observed Lilias to her husband. "Do you think you could lift it, Og?"

"I don't know," he replied; "but if Master Lovel will allow me, I will try."

"Make the attempt, and welcome," replied Lovel, with a laugh.

Seizing hold of the chest with a herculean grasp, Og threw it over his shoulder.

"There, now you have got possession of it, away with you," cried Lilias. "Master Lovel will not prevent you."

"Hold! hold!" exclaimed the keeper of the treasure. "This is carrying the jest rather too far."

"Did you really think I was making off with the chest, Master Lovel?" cried Og, setting it down with a great laugh.

"Well, it looked like it, I must own," returned the other. "But you couldn't go very far with such a burden as that."

"Couldn't I?" rejoined Og. "You don't know what I could do if I tried. Why, I would carry the chest from the Tower to Whitehall, if the King would only bestow it upon me for my pains."

And he burst into another tremendous laugh, in which his brothers heartily joined.

"That were a feat worthy of Samson," observed Lovel, dryly. "Suppose I put your strength to the test."

"Do so," rejoined Og. "What would you have me perform? You have just told us that the chests are to be removed to the Exchequer to-night. You don't want me to carry them to Westminster Hall?"

"No, no! I don't want that," said Lovel, laughing. "They are to be transported by water, and it will save time if they are taken at once to Traitor's Gate, where they will be embarked."

"Say no more—we'll do it, won't we?" cried Og, turning to his brothers, who readily assented.

Without more ado, he again took up the ponderous coffer, and called out, "Now, I'm ready."

"So are we," cried Gog and Magog, as they each shouldered a chest.

Upon this, the whole party went out of the chamber, the door of which was carefully locked by the keeper. It was a striking sight to see the

three giants, laden in the manner we have described, cross the court of the palace, and descend with slow but firm footsteps the slope leading to the Bloody Tower, each having upon his broad shoulders a weight sufficient to call into activity the full forces of three ordinary men, and yet bearing it—if not easily—yet stoutly. It was true that the muscles of their bull throats and brawny legs were tremendously developed, and looked almost as large as cables, but these were the only evidences of the strain put upon them. Lilias walked by the side of her husband, enchanted by this display of his strength, while Xit strutted in front, as if the giants were under his command.

State offenders, as is well known, were formerly brought into the Tower through a gloomy archway, spanning a sluice from the river—the sluice being protected by a ponderous wooden gate, constructed of huge beams of wood, worked by machinery in the superstructure. This massive portal was popularly known as "Traitor's Gate."

A flight of stone steps offered a landing-place from the channel, which was capable of holding some three or four large boats, and led to the outer ward of the fortress, but the approach was guarded by another ponderous wooden portal. Within the archway on the right of the steps was a stone platform, whence there was access through a narrow arched passage to a guard-room in the building above, which was known as Saint Thomas's Tower. These details are necessary for the understanding of what is to follow.

It was upon the platform just described that Lovel caused the giants to deposit the chests. This done, they immediately went back to the Jewel Tower for a fresh supply, and paused not in their exertions till the fifteen ponderous coffers had been laid upon the platform. Lovel, of course, superintended their task, and, when their labours were over, proposed an adjournment to the Stone Kitchen, to which the giants made no objection,

so the gate being locked, and instructions given to Croyland, the warder who had charge of Saint Thomas's Tower, the whole party proceeded in search of refreshment. On reaching the Stone Kitchen, Lovel called for a plentiful supply of hydromel, which, being quickly brought by Peter Trusbut, the giants were enabled to quench their thirst. By her husband's desire, Lilias sipped a few drops from his brimming goblet ere he emptied it.

"I tell you what, Master Lovel," observed Magog. "I have some misgiving about that treasure. Do you think it quite safe where you have left it?"

"Ay, marry," replied the other; "as safe as in the Jewel House itself. Who can meddle with it? Traitor's Gate will not be opened by Croyland without my order."

"True," rejoined Magog. "Still, with a treasure like that, no precautions ought to be neg-

lected. To make matters sure, I will go to Saint Thomas's Tower, and stay there till the chests are fetched away."

"Then you will have to stay there till night," said Lovel.

"No matter," rejoined Magog, getting up. "Peter Trusbut will send me a few flasks of wine, and I shall be just as comfortable there as anywhere else. Are you coming with me, Gog?" he added to his brother.

"I will follow in a few minutes, and bring the wine with me," replied Gog.

"And I will join you later on—as soon as Lilias can spare me," laughed Og.

"Nay, then, there can be no doubt the treasure will be well guarded," said Lovel.

And, bowing to the company, he quitted the Stone Kitchen with Magog.

V

SHOWING WHO WAS CONCEALED IN THE JEWEL HOUSE.

AFTER accompanying Magog along the outer ward to the entrance of Saint Thomas's Tower, where he left him, Lovel passed under the gloomy archway of the Bloody Tower, and, ascending the hill, made his way to the Jewel House.

Arrived there, he did not proceed to that part of the building which we last visited, but sought his private chamber, and having entered it, and bolted the door inside, he tapped at the door of a small inner room, and called out: "You may come forth, sir."

The summons was promptly obeyed by a young man, who, stepping quickly towards him, said, "You have been long absent, Lovel. What news do you bring?"

"Excellent news, good Master Osbert Clinton," replied the other. "If all goes well, you will have the treasure to-night. It will delight you to hear that the coffers have been transported by the gigantic warders to Traitor's Gate, and are now lying there, ready for you and your friends to take them away. So far all has gone well—far better than could have been expected—and I hope the rest will turn out equally prosperously. Indeed, it can scarcely fail to do so, unless from ill management."

"What course do you advise us to pursue, Lovel?" demanded Osbert.

"First of all, there must be no delay in the execution of the project," replied the other. "The business must be done to-night. A boat capable of containing the chests must be brought to Traitor's

Gate. I shall be in Saint Thomas's Tower, and after going through the usual formalities, will cause the great wooden gate to be opened. If no untoward circumstance occurs, the coffers can thus be readily carried off and conveyed to a place of safety."

"Once out of Traitor's Gate, all the rest will be easy," said Osbert. "Your plan promises well, good Lovel, and I trust nothing will occur to mar it. Possessed of this gold, we shall be able to carry into immediate effect our grand enterprise. It may be wrong to seize this treasure, but neither I nor my associates have any scruples on the subject. We know that this gold is intended to be employed to bribe our nobles to enslave the country, and we consider it lawful plunder, of which we may rightfully possess ourselves by force or stratagem."

"I take precisely the same view of the matter as yourself, sir," said Lovel; "and, as you know, have engaged in this enterprise without fee or reward.

I am anxious, as you and your friends are, to see the country delivered from Spanish thraldom, and the Protestant religion restored. While martyrs are giving up their lives in testimony of their faith, I do not hesitate to jeopardise mine to benefit the same cause. If this Spanish gold can be employed against our enemies, instead of being used by them to our disadvantage, I shall be content."

"In three days' time there will be a rising in Essex and Suffolk," said Osbert; "and in less than a week an army of insurgents, larger than that commanded by Wyat, will be marching to London, its battle-cry being, 'Down with the Spaniard and the Pope!' This gold will give us all we need. And so you positively refuse any reward for the great service you are rendering us, Lovel?"

"Were I to take a reward, I should consider that I had violated my trust," replied the other. "My object is to serve my country, and if it be

freed from oppression I shall be amply rewarded. But now to proceed with the business. No time must be lost in communicating with Sir Henry Dudley, Sir Anthony Kingston, Master Udal, and the rest of your associates."

"That can be quickly done," replied Osbert. "They are close at hand—at the Rose and Crown, on Tower Hill. There can be no difficulty as to a boat, since one has been already provided. At what hour ought the attempt to be made?"

"Let me see," said Lovel, reflecting. "The tide will serve at nine. The boat should be at Traitor's Gate at that hour."

"Good," returned Osbert. "Now then to communicate with my friends."

"Leave that to me," said Lovel; "you cannot quit the Tower with safety, as, if you should be seen and recognised, your instant arrest would follow. I will go to the Rose and Crown at once, and give full instructions to your friends. Retire

to the inner room, and do not stir forth from it till my return."

And as Osbert complied, the keeper of the treasure left the Jewel House, and set out on his errand.

VI.

HOW THE PLOT WAS DISCOVERED BY XIT, AND DISCLOSED BY HIM TO MAGOG.

MEANTIME, Magog, with whom Lovel had parted at the entrance of Saint Thomas's Tower, had gone in, and made his way through the side-passage, previously described, to the interior of Traitor's Gate. He found the chests lying upon the platform, just as they had been laid there by himself and his brothers, and sitting down upon one of them, presently fell asleep, and made the vaulted roof resound with his deep breathing. How long he remained in this state he could not

say, but he was roused by feeling something crawling, as he thought, over his face, and supposing it to be a gigantic water-rat — the place being infested with such vermin—he put out his hand, and catching hold of the noxious creature, as he deemed it, was about to throw it into the water, when a shrill cry admonished him that the fancied water-rat was no other than Xit.

"Wouldst drown me, Magog?" shrieked the dwarf, clinging to him.

"Drown thee—not I!" replied the giant, laughing. "But I took thee for a rat, or an otter."

"None but a sleepy dolt like thyself would have made such a mistake," said Xit. "I could not waken thee without plucking thy beard. Call'st thou this keeping guard over the treasure? I call it gross negligence."

"Well, well, I am vigilant enough now," rejoined Magog. "What hast thou to say to me?"

"Something that will keep thee wakeful, I trust," said Xit. "Lend me thine ears, and I will disclose it to thee. I have discovered a plot."

"Poh! thou art always making some silly discovery that leads to nothing," rejoined Magog.

"But this will lead more than one man to the scaffold," pursued Xit, mysteriously. "'Tis an important discovery I have made."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Magog, with some curiosity. "What is it? Let me hear and judge."

"It relates to the chests on which thou art sitting," replied Xit. "There is a plot to carry them off. Master Lovel, the keeper of the treasure, is concerned in it, but the principal contrivers are Osbert Clinton, Sir Henry Dudley, Sir Anthony Kingston, Udal, and the others connected with the late outbreak."

"Ah, this is indeed important!" cried Magog. "And how didst thou make this discovery?"

"You shall hear," replied Xit. "Suspecting all was not right, I followed Lovel to his lodging, and

by listening at the keyhole, managed to overhear a conversation between him and Osbert Clinton, who is at present concealed in the Jewel House. From this I learnt that the treasure is to be carried off by the traitors, in order to assist them in getting up another insurrection of a far more formidable character than the last. Their plan is to bring a boat to Traitor's Gate at nine o'clock to-night, when, feigning to be officers sent by the King to remove the treasure to the Exchequer, they will present a warrant, and Master Lovel being their accomplice, the coffers will be delivered to them—so, at least, they calculate."

"A well-devised plan, I must own," observed Magog, "and like enough to have succeeded."

"It would infallibly have succeeded but for my shrewdness in detecting it," said Xit.

"Well, thou wilt, doubtless, receive due credit for thy penetration from Sir Henry Bedingfeld, to whom the matter must be forthwith communicated," observed Magog, getting up.

"What art thou about to do, thou foolish giant?" cried Xit. "We can manage this affair without Sir Henry Bedingfeld's assistance. Recollect, that a heavy price is set upon the heads of all these offenders, and if we can effect their arrest —as we shall do if my counsels be followed—the reward will be ours. We must take them all, like fish in a net. Not one must be allowed to escape. Listen to me, and I will show thee how it can be done. The moment the barge is admitted into this place, Traitor's Gate must be closed by thee, or by thy brothers, and we shall then have them like rats in a trap. Though they may offer some resistance at first, they will soon be forced to surrender. Osbert Clinton is sure to be on the spot with Lovel, and we can arrest them both at the same time. What think'st thou of my plan?"

"By my faith, it promises well," replied Magog.

"We shall need assistance," pursued Xit; "and besides Og and Gog, I propose to call in the aid of Captain Bittern and his friends. They are men

of discretion, and can be relied on. Care must be taken not to awaken Lovel's suspicions, or our plan will be defeated. And now let us quit this damp place. I am half choked by the mist. I wonder thou couldst sleep in it. Come! There is no fear of the treasure being carried off just yet."

Upon this, Magog arose, and they adjourned to the guard-chamber.

Xit's plan was carried out. About eight o'clock in the evening, Og tore himself from his bride, promising faithfully to return to supper, and, accompanied by Gog, Rodomont Bittern, Holiday, and Simnel, to all of whom the dwarf's important discovery had been communicated, repaired to Saint Thomas's Tower, and mounted to an upper chamber overlooking the river, where they held themselves in readiness for whatever might occur—beguiling the tedium of waiting with some flasks of wine which they had brought from the Stone Kitchen.

Xit, meanwhile, had kept watch over Lovel's movements. He saw the keeper of the treasure

return from his errand to Tower Hill, and cautiously following him, and adopting the same plan of espionage which he had previously employed, he heard him inform Osbert Clinton that he had seen Sir Henry Dudley and the other conspirators, who were well pleased with the arrangement, and undertook to bring a barge to Traitor's Gate at the appointed hour that night.

"The coffers once secured," pursued Lovel, "your friends propose to take them up the river to Chelsea and land them there. No time must be lost in disposing of the treasure, for the moment it becomes known that it has been carried off, a general search will be made."

"Once in our possession, the treasure will never find its way to the royal Exchequer—of that you may be quite certain, Lovel," replied Osbert. "But what do you propose to do? Your connexion in the affair will assuredly be suspected."

"I shall provide for my safety by flight," said Lovel. "This very night I shall quit the Tower

secretly, and remain in concealment till your proposed insurrection will enable me to appear with safety."

"If we succeed, as I trust under Heaven we shall, your services shall not be forgotten, Lovel," observed Osbert. "You shall have a better post under Elizabeth than that which you now occupy under Philip and Mary."

"I have said that I do not seek reward," rejoined Lovel; "but since, in abandoning this post, I shall sacrifice all, it is but just that I should have some compensation."

"You shall have compensation in full, doubt it not, Lovel," said Osbert. "And now let us finally arrange our plans for to-night. How many persons are there in Saint Thomas's Tower?"

"Only three," replied Lovel. "Croyland, the keeper of the gate, his man, and a sentinel. Stay! I had forgotten. One of the gigantic warders, Magog, is there at this moment, but I do not think he will remain there till night, and if he

should, he will be no hindrance to us, since all will be conducted with so much formality that suspicion will be disarmed. We will go together to Saint Thomas's Tower, and if my instructions to Sir Henry Dudley are carefully carried out, no difficulty will be experienced."

What answer was made to this by Osbert, Xit could not tell. Fancying he heard a movement towards the door, he beat a hasty retreat, and left the Jewel House, perfectly content with the information he had obtained.

VII.

HOW THE CONSPIRATORS WENT IN AT TRAITOR'S GATE, BUT CAME NOT OUT AGAIN.

NIGHT, anxiously expected both by plotters and counter-plotters, arrived at last. Within the lower chamber of Saint Thomas's Tower were Magog and Xit, but the two other gigantic warders, with Rodomont Bittern and his comrades, kept out of sight, lest Lovel's suspicions should be awakened.

Croyland, the keeper of the Tower, had been made a party to the plan, and consented to act as Xit directed. The night was dark, and the mist hanging over the river, and almost shrouding Saint

Thomas's Tower from view, was favourable to the project of the conspirators.

Some quarter of an hour before the time fixed for the arrival of the barge, Lovel, accompanied by Osbert, who was well armed, and wrapped in his cloak, quitted the Jewel House, and proceeded to Saint Thomas's Tower. The door was opened by Croyland, who had a lamp in his hand, which he raised for a moment to survey Osbert, and then, apparently satisfied with his scrutiny, ushered them into the guard-chamber, which done, he returned to fasten the door.

Within the guard-chamber were Xit and Magog. The giant appeared to be fast asleep, with his huge head resting on a table, and did not move on their entrance; but Xit immediately arose, and after a word with Lovel, was informed by the latter that the gentleman with him was an officer sent by his Majesty to take charge of the treasure. With this information the dwarf seemed perfectly content, and bowed ceremoniously to Osbert, who

slightly returned the salutation. In another moment Croyland returned with a lamp, and taking it from him, Lovel beckoned to Osbert to follow him, and led the way to the platform on which the chests were laid.

No sooner were they gone than Magog raised his head, and said in a whisper to Xit, "Is it Osbert Clinton?"

The dwarf replied in the affirmative, but added, "Don't ask any more questions, or you will be overheard. Here they are coming back. Down with your head!"

On this, Magog resumed his previous posture. Next moment Lovel reappeared with the lamp, but Osbert remained in the passage, so as not to expose himself to observation.

"The coffers are all right, I perceive," remarked Lovel, as he set down the lamp upon the table. "I shan't be sorry when they are gone," he added, with a laugh. "They have been a great source of anxiety to me."

"I dare say they have," replied Xit. "Your office wouldn't suit me at all, Master Lovel."

"Wherefore not?" demanded the other.

"Because my honesty would never be proof against the temptation I should be exposed to. The sight of so much treasure would exercise a baneful influence over me, and I should long to appropriate it to my own use. Whereas, you, worthy Lovel, are of an incorruptible nature, and can see gold without coveting it. You would never dream of making free with the contents of those coffers."

"Certainly not," replied Lovel.

"Therein we differ," pursued Xit. "Had those coffers been confided to me, I should have fallen. The Arch Enemy could not find a more certain means of destroying me than they would afford him. Knowing my own frailty, I respect your honesty the more, worthy Lovel. You can touch gold without being defiled by it. Unluckily, such is not my case."

Ere Lovel could reply, Osbert called out from the passage:

"The barge is at hand. I hear a noise outside in the river."

And, as he spoke, the bell hanging above the outer arch of Traitor's Gate was rung.

"Here they are!" cried Xit, shaking Magog. "Rouse thyself, thou great sluggard."

"Who are here?" cried the giant, pretending to waken from a sound sleep.

"Why the officers sent by the King to take away the treasure," rejoined Xit.

"Oh, indeed!" ejaculated Magog, with a prodigious yawn.

Meanwhile, Lovel, followed by Croyland, had mounted a spiral stone staircase, which quickly brought them to the summit of the round projecting tower at the western angle of the fortification. On reaching the battlements, they could discern through the gloom a large bark lying in

the river immediately beneath them. The barge was rowed by four stalwart oarsmen, and its head was brought close up to Traitor's Gate.

At the prow stood a tall man, apparently in command of the party, and who was no other than Sir Henry Dudley. The barge had already been challenged by the sentinel, and a short parley had taken place, but when Lovel and Croyland appeared, Dudley called out in a loud, authoritative voice:

"Open the gate quickly. We are officers sent by the King to bring away the treasure."

"Have you a warrant for its removal?" inquired Lovel.

"Ay," returned Dudley, "a warrant you will not care to dispute."

"Enough," answered Lovel. "The gate shall be opened immediately."

With this he disappeared from the battlements, while Dudley, turning to his companion in the

barge, said in a low, exulting tone, "The prize will soon be ours. We shall get in without difficulty."

"Heaven grant we may get out as easily!" rejoined Sir Anthony Kingston, who was standing near him. "More people go in at Traitor's Gate than come out from it."

As he spoke, the ponderous wooden valves, worked by some machinery in the upper part of the tower, began slowly to revolve upon their hinges, disclosing the interior of the passage, which was now illumined by torches held by Magog and Croyland, who, with Lovel and Xit, were stationed near the head of the steps. In the background, partly concealed by the coffers, stood Osbert Clinton.

As soon as the valves had opened wide enough to admit the barge, Dudley, who was all impatience to secure the prize, called to the oarsmen to push in, and the order being promptly obeyed, the barge entered the channel, and was propelled

to the foot of the steps. Sir Henry Dudley then leaped ashore, and was followed by Sir Anthony Kingston and some four or five others.

"Here is the order for the delivery of the treasure, sir," said Dudley, presenting a paper to Lovel, who advanced to meet him.

Lovel glanced at it for a moment, and then, apparently satisfied by the inspection, observed,

"We have been expecting you, sir. The chests are all ready, as you see."

"That is well," said Dudley, scarcely able to conceal his satisfaction. "Let them be embarked at once."

While this brief dialogue occurred, Traitor's Gate was noiselessly returning to its place, and in another minute was closed. The conspirators, however, were too much occupied with what they had in hand to notice this suspicious circumstance. The oarsmen now got out of the barge, and were preparing to place the uppermost chest on board, when Osbert Clinton suddenly stepped

forward, and said, in a low voice, to Sir Henry Dudley,

"We are betrayed. See you not that the gate is shut?"

"Ha!" so it is!" cried Dudley. "Why is this, sir?" he added, fiercely, to Lovel. "How comes it that yon gate is closed?"

"I did not know it was so," replied the other. "There must be some mistake. But I will cause it to be reopened instantly."

"There is no mistake," cried Xit, in his loudest and most important voice; "it is by my orders that Traitor's Gate has been shut, and it will not be opened again. Traitors, ye are caught in a trap. Ye have come here, with wicked and felonious intent, to carry off the King's treasure, but instead of departing with your plunder to stir up rebellion, you will be lodged in the dungeons of the Tower, and ere long expiate your manifold and dire offences on the scaffold."

At this address the conspirators stared aghast, and laid their hands upon their swords.

Osbert Clinton, however, signed to them to keep quiet, and said to Lovel, "What means this, sir? Is it some ill-timed jest?"

"I will tell you what it means, Master Osbert Clinton," interposed Xit. "It means, that you, and all those with you, are my prisoners. I arrest you all for high treason. You yourself, Master Osbert Clinton—you, Sir Henry Dudley—you, Sir Anthony Kingston— you, Master Udal, and all the rest of you. Deliver up your swords."

"This is droll," cried Osbert Clinton, forcing a laugh; "but the jest may prove no laughing matter for thee. Get the gate opened," he added to Lovel. "We will have the treasure in spite of them."

"Traitor's Gate shall *not* be opened," screamed Xit. "I forbid it, and ye shall find whether or not I shall be obeyed. Stir a single foot, thou

traitor Lovel, and thou art a dead man." And drawing his sword, he presented it at the breast of the keeper of the treasure, exclaiming, "I arrest thee, also, on a charge of conspiracy and treason."

"An end must be put to this folly," cried Osbert, fiercely. "By the time you have got the treasure on board I will have the gate opened," he added to Dudley. Then drawing his sword, he commanded Xit to stand out of the way.

"Help me, my faithful giants!" cried Xit, retreating. "Help me!"

And at the words, Og and Gog issued from the passage, where they had remained concealed, and with their halberds opposed Osbert's advance.

"Back!" roared Magog, in a voice of thunder, "or you rush upon your death."

"You had better yield," cried Xit. "You cannot escape. You will more easily cut your way through the solid beams of Traitor's Gate than you will hew a passage through these living walls."

"I will cut a way through both sooner than surrender," rejoined Osbert. "Follow me, friends."

And he was about to fling himself upon the giants, who awaited his attack unmoved, when his desperate purpose was averted by the sudden ringing of the alarm-bell. This sound, which proclaimed that the fortress was alarmed, paralysed his energies, and caused him to drop the point of his sword, while the rest of the conspirators looked equally disheartened. Other sounds, calculated to increase their apprehensions, were now heard, and the trampling of feet, accompanied by the clatter of arms, showed that a number of men were collecting in the outer ward. It was plain that the conspirators were betrayed, and the glances they exchanged betokened that they felt so.

"You had better yield with a good grace," cried Xit, "and not compel us to take your swords from you by force."

"I will die rather than yield," cried Osbert Clinton.

"So will we all," responded the others.

"Resistance is in vain," cried Lovel, suddenly changing his manner. "It is time to throw off the mask. You are prisoners to the King."

"Ha! it is thou who hast brought us into this snare," cried Dudley. "Take the reward of thy treachery," he added, passing his rapier through his body.

"Ha! I am slain!" exclaimed Lovel, as he fell backwards into the water.

At this moment the massive portal communicating with the outer ward was opened, and an astounding spectacle revealed.

Beneath the gloomy archway of the Bloody Tower stood the King, the torchlight flashing upon his stately figure, and communicating to his countenance a stern and sinister expression.

With him was Sir Henry Bedingfeld. At the back of the archway rose a grove of pikes, while on the right and left was ranged a strong guard of

halberdiers, several of whom held torches, which gleamed upon the steel caps, corslets, and partisans of their comrades.

At this unlooked-for spectacle the conspirators recoiled in confusion and dismay. Flight was impossible, and as Bedingfeld advanced towards them with an officer, and demanded their swords, telling them they were his prisoners, they had no alternative but submission.

By the King's commands, the conspirators were then brought before him, and he surveyed them for some moments with a smile of gratified vengeance.

"Soh, traitors!" he exclaimed, at length, "you thought you had devised a cunning scheme to carry off my treasure. But you have been outwitted. Your plans have been revealed to me, and I have allowed you to proceed thus far in order to ensnare you all. You have fallen like wolves into the trap set for you."

"The wretch who betrayed us has met his reward," cried Sir Henry Dudley. "He has perished by my sword."

"Is Lovel slain?" exclaimed Philip. "I am sorry for it."

"He richly deserved his fate," cried Osbert. "I now see how we have been duped."

At this moment Xit made his way towards the King, and said, "An please your Majesty, these rebels and traitors were captured by me. I claim the reward."

"Retire, thou presumptuous and intrusive varlet," cried Bedingfeld. "This matter is too serious for thy interference."

"But for my interference, Sir Henry," rejoined Xit, proudly and indignantly, "the plot would not have been discovered."

"There thou art wrong," rejoined Bedingfeld; "the plot has been all along known to his Majesty. It was revealed to him by Lovel, who, it seems, has gone to his account."

"Lovel is killed, sure enough," said Xit. "But I trust my services will not go unrewarded."

"Thy claims shall be considered hereafter," said Philip. And as Xit, satisfied with this assurance, bowed and retired, he addressed the conspirators: "For the heinous crimes and offences you have committed, you cannot doubt what your sentence will be."

"We are all prepared for our fate," said Dudley, resolutely. "In engaging in this enterprise we well knew the risk we incurred. Having failed, we are ready to pay the penalty."

"Do you deem your base attempt consistent with the principles you profess?" demanded Philip, contemptuously.

"Ay," rejoined Dudley. "Your gold has been one of the chief weapons used against this unhappy land, and it was the part of true Englishmen—as we are—to deprive you of it."

"Ye are robbers and felons, and shall die the death of such vile miscreants," said Philip, coldly.

"By this foul act you have forfeited your privileges as gentlemen."

"What!" exclaimed Osbert Clinton. "Are we to die like common felons?"

"Such will be your doom," rejoined Philip, sternly.

"Your Majesty is too magnanimous to stoop to such an unworthy revenge," said Osbert Clinton. "Let us die upon the scaffold. 'Tis the sole grace we ask of you."

"Ay, spare them this ignominious ending, I beseech you, sire," said Mauger, advancing from the guard, among whom he was standing, "and let them fall by my hand."

"I owe thee a guerdon," rejoined Philip, "and will give thee their heads. As to you, Osbert Clinton," he added, "I could devise no worse torture for you than your own bitter reflections will furnish. Had you not engaged in this last design, you might have been pardoned your former offences, have been restored to my favour, and have

wedded Constance Tyrrell. Reflect upon this when you are alone in your dungeon."

"This is only said to torture me!" cried Osbert.

"It is said that you may be aware of the happiness you have so recklessly thrown away," rejoined the King. "At the intercession of Cardinal Pole, I had consented to pardon you, and, moreover, had promised his Eminence not to oppose your marriage with Constance. But there will be no pardon for you now—no Constance."

Osbert made no reply, but covered his face with his hand.

After a brief pause, the King turned to Sir Henry Bedingfeld, and ordered him to remove the prisoners to their dungeons. "To-morrow they will be privately interrogated," he said, "after which their arraignment, condemnation, and execution will speedily follow. You will not have to wait long for your fees," he added to Mauger.

"I humbly thank your Majesty," replied the headsman.

On this, the conspirators were led off by the guard, and placed in different state-prisons in the inner ward, a cell in the Flint Tower being assigned to Osbert Clinton. Shortly afterwards, the King rode back to Whitehall, attended by a mounted escort.

As soon as tranquillity was restored, Og returned to his bride, whom he had left in care of Dame Trusbut, at the Stone Kitchen. A very substantial supper was in readiness for him, and to this he sat down with his brothers, Xit, Rodomont Bittern, Simnel, and Holiday, and, despite the previous occurrences, they made a right merry night of it.

Next day, the treasure-chests, which had been left on the platform in Traitor's Gate, were removed from the Tower, and safely deposited in the Exchequer.

End of the Seventh Book.

BOOK VIII.

CONSTANCE TYRRELL.

I.

OF THE IMPORTANT DESPATCH RECEIVED FROM THE EMPEROR BY PHILIP.

ABOUT a month must now be allowed to elapse. During this time, the whole of the conspirators, with the exception of Osbert Clinton, had suffered death on Tower Hill. But though Osbert's execution was thus delayed, no hope of pardon was held out to him. On the contrary, he was told by Sir Henry Bedingfeld, who visited him almost daily, that his sentence would infallibly be carried out, and that he ought to be prepared for a sudden summons to the scaffold. "I will give

you notice when I am sent for by his Majesty," he said. "That will be an intimation to you that the hour is at hand."

The Queen's accouchement being now daily expected, great preparations were made for the important event; religious processions thronged the streets, prayers were offered for her Majesty's safe deliverance, and couriers kept in constant readiness to bear the gladsome tidings to foreign courts. While all were on the tenter-hooks of expectation, the Romanists were gratified, and the Protestants deeply chagrined, by the sudden and, as it turned out, unfounded intelligence that her Majesty had given birth to a son. The news spread with extraordinary rapidity, not only in London, but throughout the whole kingdom. Public rejoicings were made. Bonfires were lighted in the streets. *Te Deum* was sung in the churches, and one preacher—the priest of St. Anne's in Aldersgate —went so far as to describe the personal appearance of the new-born Prince, depicting him as a miracle

of beauty and proportion. But next day all was changed. The Romanists were mortified by the authoritative contradiction of the report, whilst the Protestants exulted. Other rumours were then widely circulated, and it was said that the Queen had died in child-bed. But this statement was soon discovered to be false, and it eventually became known that the disease under which her Majesty was labouring, and which had deceived her physicians, was dropsy.

For some days Mary continued in a very precarious state, and serious apprehensions of a fatal result were entertained; but these dangerous symptoms abated, and in less than a week she was pronounced out of danger. During her illness she had been sedulously attended by Constance Tyrrell, for whom she had sent when she supposed herself sinking, and it was to Constance's unwearying attentions that she mainly attributed her recovery.

Naturally, the Queen's state of health had been a source of the deepest anxiety to Cardinal Pole,

and the news of her amendment was a proportionate relief to him. Having received permission to wait upon her, he immediately repaired to Whitehall, and on arriving at the palace he was met by Doctor Ford, the Queen's physician, who conducted him to her Majesty's presence.

Mary was in her cabinet, reclining in a large easy-chair, propped up by cushions, wrapped in a loose gown of purple velvet, lined with miniver, and with her feet supported by a tabouret. Her features were swollen, and her complexion turbid, and she had an air of extreme lassitude and debility. The only person by whom she was attended was Constance Tyrrell, who likewise looked extremely pale and ill.

Having accompanied the Cardinal to the door of the cabinet, Doctor Ford retired.

"I am glad to see your Eminence," said Mary, as the Cardinal approached her. "Sit down beside me, I pray you. At one time I feared I should never behold you again; but I am better, and I

owe my preservation, under Heaven, to the ministry of this damsel. Without her I believe I should have died, and I never can forget the services she has rendered me—never sufficiently requite them."

"Your Majesty overrates my poor services," said Constance.

"She has poured balm into my wounded heart, as well as helped me to sustain my bodily sufferings," pursued Mary. "Oh, my good Lord Cardinal, how can I have so deeply offended Heaven that I should be thus severely afflicted!—that the boon I have so earnestly prayed for should be denied me. What have I done to merit this chastisement?—how have I sinned? I have searched my breast, but can discover no wickedness therein. I have swerved from no duty. It cannot be a crime to love the King my husband—though, perchance, I have made him an idol. But enjoin me any penance you please. I will perform it."

"I enjoin you only resignation to the decrees of Heaven, gracious madam," returned Pole.

"Your afflictions have been given you for some wise but inscrutable purpose, and must be patiently borne."

"I have borne them with patience," rejoined Mary; "yet it is hard to be deprived of blessings which are vouchsafed to the meanest of my subjects. How many a poor cottager's wife can clasp her offspring to her breast!—while I, alas! am childless."

"Your grief is shared by all your subjects, madam," observed the Cardinal.

"Not by all," rejoined Mary, with asperity. "There are many who exult in my distress, who have prayed that I might have no issue, but that the sceptre might pass from my hands to those of my sister Elizabeth. And their prayers would seem to be heard, while mine are rejected. Oh, what happiness would have been mine had a son been granted me, for I feel all a mother's tenderness in my breast. A son would have compensated me for all my troubles—for the neglect

I have experienced, and for the desertion which will ensue — but now I shall go to my grave broken-hearted."

"Be comforted, madam, be comforted," said Pole. "All will yet be well. The King will *not* leave you."

"He *will* leave me, that is certain," rejoined Mary. "And then will come the severest part of my trial. When he is gone, all will be a blank to me. I would fain bury my woes in a cloister."

"No, madam, you must rouse yourself," said Pole. "You must not give way to this excess of grief. It has pleased the Supreme Disposer of events to deprive you, and the country placed under your governance, of a great blessing; but do not repine on that account. Rather rejoice that you have been afflicted. Devote all your energies to the welfare of your kingdom, and to the maintenance of religion. Peace will then be restored to your breast—peace, which nothing can disturb."

"I do not expect to find peace on this side the grave," sighed Mary; "but I will try to follow your Eminence's counsel."

"In time your wounds will be healed," rejoined Pole; "and you will then understand why they have been inflicted."

"I humbly resign myself to Heaven's decrees," said Mary. "*Fiat voluntas tua.*"

At this juncture, without being announced, the King entered the cabinet, followed by Count D'Egmont. His Majesty's features did not wear their customary sombre expression, but were radiant with joy, and his deportment evinced considerable excitement.

Advancing quickly towards the Queen, and bowing reverently to the Cardinal, he said,

"Count D'Egmont has just brought me a most important letter from the Emperor, and I lose not a moment in laying its contents before your Majesty."

Then, turning to Pole, who was about to with-

draw, he added, "I pray your Eminence not to retire. The matter is one that will interest you. Not to keep you in suspense, I will state at once, and in a word, the purport of the despatch. The Emperor is about to abdicate, and resign his hereditary dominions to me."

"What do I hear?" exclaimed Mary, in extremity of surprise. "The Emperor about to abdicate!"

"'Tis exactly as I have stated, madam," cried Philip. "I have it here under his own hand."

"His imperial Majesty has for some months meditated this step, gracious madam," interposed D'Egmont, bowing to the Queen, "but it is only recently that his final resolution has been taken. Of late a profound melancholy has seized upon him, which he finds it impossible to shake off. Tired of pomp and state, sated with glory and conquest, wearied with the cares of government, racked by a cruel disease, which allows him little respite from suffering, his august Majesty is about

to put off the purple robe and crown, and, clothing himself in the lowly garb of a monk, to pass the remainder of his days in seclusion. I have been sent by the Emperor to announce his determination to his royal son, into whose hands he designs to relinquish his vast dominions."

"You hear, madam—you hear what my father intends," cried Philip, with irrepressible delight.

"Yes, I hear it," rejoined Mary, mournfully.

"The solemn ceremony of abdication will take place at Brussels," pursued D'Egmont, "in the presence of all the nobles and deputies of Flanders, who, at the Emperor's request, will transfer their allegiance to his son. Subsequently, the sovereignty of Castile and Aragon will be ceded to King Philip."

"And what of the crown of Germany?" demanded Philip.

"That will deck the brows of your uncle Ferdinand, King of the Romans," said D'Egmont. "The Empire of Germany will be resigned in his favour."

"Is such my father's intent?" said Philip.

"I believe so, sire—nay, I am sure," returned D'Egmont. "To prove the motives by which your august sire is actuated in his retirement, it will be enough to state, that out of his immense revenues he only intends to reserve himself a pension of a hundred thousand ducats."

"Only so much," cried Mary. "Why, 'tis less than a noble's revenue."

"It is more than the Emperor will need, madam, in the solitary life he designs to lead," observed D'Egmont.

"I am filled with amazement," observed Pole. "That Charles the Fifth, the foremost monarch of Christendom, the greatest warrior of the age, who holds in his hands the destinies of Europe, should retire in the plenitude of his power, is indeed a wondrous circumstance, to which there is no parallel, save in the instance of Diocletian. May the Christian monarch be as happy in his retirement as was the heathen Emperor in his garden at

Salona. Heavy, indeed, must be the weight of a crown, since its wearer desires to put it off thus."

"In his letter to me, the Emperor explains the motives of his intent to abdicate," said Philip. "Referring to the troubled and agitated life he has led, to his great fatigues and exposure, his frequent travels in Europe and Africa, the constant warfare in which he has been engaged, and his incessant labours for the public welfare and for religion, he observes: 'As long as my strength would allow me, I have fulfilled my duties, but now my infirmities counsel—nay, command—repose. Ambition and the desire to rule no longer sway my breast. The remainder of my days will be consecrated to holy thought and preparation for eternity. To you, my son, and to your care, I shall resign my vast possessions, conjuring you never to relax in your efforts for the welfare of the people committed to your charge. The time may come, when, exhausted, loaded with infirmities, and praying for release, you may desire to imitate your father's example.' "

"May that day be long distant!" cried D'Egmont. "A brilliant career is before your Majesty."

"Yet let the Emperor's words never be forgotten, sire," remarked Pole, solemnly. "Lay them to heart, and be guided by them; and so, when you arrive at that period which your august sire has reached, when earthly glories shall fade away and become as nothing in your sight, you will derive comfort from the happiness and prosperity you have conferred upon your people. Rarely has a crown been similarly bestowed. Never could crown be more richly graced. Wear it, sire, as it has hitherto been worn—wear it as your great father has worn it, and when you put it off, you will do so, like him, without a sigh."

"Once mine, I shall be in no haste to part with it," observed Philip. "But have I no congratulations from your Majesty?" he added to the Queen. "Do you not rejoice with me on my good luck?"

"Your good luck is my misfortune," rejoined

Mary. "This unlooked-for act of the Emperor must cause our separation."

"Only for a season," returned Philip. "I must needs obey my father's summons to Brussels; but I shall speedily return."

"Impossible!" cried Mary. "As King of Spain you will have much to do, and cannot quit your dominions, even if you should be so minded. No! I am not to be deceived. *I* cannot go to Spain, or to Flanders, and *you* will not come to England. Henceforward we must dwell apart."

"Nay, nay, you are wrong, madam — by my faith, you are!" cried Philip. "I shall return before three months have elapsed. Meantime, I confide you to the care of his Eminence, who, I trust, will be rarely absent from you. It is my wish," he added, "that the Lord Cardinal be appointed chief of the Privy Council, and that nothing concerning the government of the realm be concluded without his sanction."

"All shall be done as you desire," rejoined Mary.

"Nay, sire, I must decline a post for which I am unfitted," said Pole, "and which, as it would necessarily engage me in concerns of the world, is little suited to the spiritual character with which I am invested."

"But I will take no refusal," said Philip. "You must, at least, accept the post till her Majesty is perfectly restored to health."

"I shall have only your Eminence to look to when the King is gone," said Mary. "If need be, I must lay my positive commands upon you."

"In that case I have no alternative but submission," rejoined the Cardinal. "The sole condition I would annex to my consent is, that I may be allowed to exercise my religious functions as heretofore."

"Far be it from me to interfere with them," said Mary. "Apartments shall be assigned you in the palace, so that I may have an opportunity of seeing you more frequently, and profiting by your counsels."

II.

HOW SIR HENRY BEDINGFELD CAME FOR OSBERT'S DEATH-WARRANT; AND WHAT HE OBTAINED.

AT this moment an usher entered, and informed the King that Sir Henry Bedingfeld was without, having come to Whitehall in obedience to his Majesty's commands.

"Admit him straight," replied Philip. And as the usher withdrew Philip approached the Queen, and spoke a few words to her in a low tone. What he said was inaudible to the others, but its import could be gathered from Mary's troubled looks. She attempted some remonstrance, but the King appeared inflexible.

While this was passing, Constance stole softly towards the Cardinal, and said to him in a whisper, "Sir Henry Bedingfeld is come for Osbert's death-warrant. I am sure of it, from the look given me by her Majesty. Oh! my Lord Cardinal, intercede for him with the King—intercede for him, I implore of you."

"I will do what I can," replied Pole, in the same tone.

Meantime, Philip continued urgent with the Queen, his manner becoming stern and peremptory.

"Must it be done at once?" inquired Mary.

"Ay, at once," rejoined the King. "I will have his head before my departure to-morrow. Then I shall be sure that my injunctions are obeyed. Here is the warrant," he added, placing a scroll of parchment before her. "Sign it."

Mary, however, manifested great reluctance, and was still appealing to the King, who continued inflexible, when Sir Henry Bedingfeld appeared,

and making a profound obeisance to the royal pair, said, "I await your Majesty's commands."

"I shall be ready for you in an instant, good Sir Henry," rejoined the King. "Sign it, madam —sign it," he added quickly to the Queen. "Why do you hesitate?"

"Because——" And she glanced towards Constance, who had now turned aside, weeping. "I owe my life to her," she added. "Ought I to requite her thus?"

"I have said I will not depart without assurance of this traitor's death," rejoined Philip; "and your reluctance shows how my orders would be obeyed in my absence. Sir Henry Bedingfeld waits for the warrant."

Thus urged, Mary took up the pen, when Pole interposed.

"A moment, madam," he cried. "Ere you sign that death-warrant, I crave permission to say a few words to his Majesty."

"I am entirely at your Eminence's disposal," rejoined Philip, advancing towards him.

"Sire," said Pole, "you will, I am assured, acknowledge that Heaven's bounties have been bestowed upon you with a lavish hand."

Philip assented, and Pole went on. "You have been summoned to the greatest throne in Europe, and while your heart is naturally elated by what you have gained, it should be opened to the kindliest and most generous emotions. Let your first act be one that shall show you are influenced by such feelings."

"What would you have me do?" replied Philip, somewhat coldly. "I am about to testify my gratitude to Heaven by public prayer and thanksgiving in Westminster Abbey, by largesses to my attendants, by liberal donations of alms to the poor, and in various other ways, as my confessor shall direct, and as I trust will meet with your Eminence's approval."

"All this is well," replied the Cardinal; "and

yet your heart may not be touched as I would have it. Perform a noble deed. Osbert Clinton has deeply offended you. His life is in your hands. Pardon him."

"I cannot pardon him," replied Philip. "I have sworn that he shall die."

"I will absolve you of your oath," said the Cardinal. "The occasion is one that demands from you some self-sacrifice, and you must make it."

"I would do aught in my power to gratify your Eminence, to whom I am infinitely beholden, but I cannot forego an act of just vengeance," replied Philip. "I have purposely delayed this execution, not from any intention of sparing the traitor, but because I would prolong his punishment. To-morrow he dies. Press me no more, for I must perforce refuse your request. I will not be balked of my revenge."

"It is well, sire," replied Pole. "But I warn you that you will repent your indulgence of this evil passion."

"You plead the cause of a rebel and traitor," cried Philip, impatiently. "Osbert Clinton has been justly condemned for his crimes."

"Search your heart, sire," said the Cardinal, in a severe tone, "and you will find why Osbert became a rebel and a traitor. He was loyal and devoted till his wrongs—ay, wrongs, sire—made him what he is."

"But he rose in rebellion against the Queen," cried Philip.

"I pardon him for his offences against me—fully and freely pardon him," interposed Mary; "and I pray your Majesty to pardon him likewise."

Philip made no reply, but his looks continued inexorable.

"Essay what you can do," said Pole, in a low voice to Constance.

"Alas, I despair of moving him," she rejoined. "Nevertheless, I will make the attempt." And casting herself at Philip's feet, she said, "Oh,

sire, if this sentence be carried out, and Osbert perish on the block, you will have my life to answer for as well as his, since I shall not long survive him. The blow which strikes him will reach me also. I am the cause of all Osbert's treasonable acts. But for his love for me, he would have been loyal and devoted to you and to her Majesty. Oh, that you had never seen me, sire! Oh, that chance, on your arrival in this country, had not brought you near me! Since that fatal hour nothing but calamity has attended me. But now that you are departing, sire, leave me not to wretchedness and despair. Pity Osbert, sire—overlook his offences, and pardon him. By so doing, you will save yourself from a remorse which no penitence will remove, but which will ever haunt you if you doom us both to death. But no, sire, I see you relent—your nobler and better feelings triumph—you are yourself—the worthy son of Charles the Fifth. You forgive me—you pardon Osbert Clinton?"

"Arise, Constance," said Philip, taking her hand and raising her; "you have conquered. That I have done you much wrong, and caused you great unhappiness, I freely confess. That I may have goaded Osbert Clinton into the commission of the offences of which he has been guilty, I will not attempt to deny. But I will make amends. He shall have a pardon."

"Nobly done, sire!" ejaculated Pole. "Nobly done!"

"To make sure that Osbert is worthy of the grace bestowed upon him," said Philip, "he shall accompany me to Brussels, and thence to Spain, and when I have proved him, I will send him back to reap his reward."

"Oh, sire, you overwhelm me with gratitude!" cried Constance. "Happiness, so long a stranger to me, begins to smile on me again."

"On his return, it will be for your Eminence to complete the work by bestowing upon him the hand of your ward," said Philip to the Cardinal.

"And at the same time I shall surrender the fortune which I hold in trust for her," said Pole.

"Sir Henry Bedingfeld," said Philip to the Lieutenant of the Tower, whose looks manifested the lively interest he took in what was passing, "you will return to the Tower, not with a death-warrant, but with an order for Osbert's immediate liberation."

"Here it is, Sir Henry," said Mary, tracing a few lines on a sheet of paper, and giving it to Bedingfeld. "Tell him that he has our full pardon."

"I shall not fail," gracious madam, rejoined the Lieutenant of the Tower, with a profound obeisance.

And he moved towards the door. Before reaching it, however, he was stopped by an usher, who placed a packet in his hands, saying it was important, and had just been brought from the Tower. The packet contained a letter, enclosed within which was a small piece of paper. On

glancing at the letter, Bedingfeld started, and his countenance fell.

"What is the matter, Sir Henry?" demanded the King, remarking his altered looks.

"The prisoner, sire!—the prisoner!" faltered Bedingfeld.

"What of him?" shrieked Constance, in tones that chilled those who heard her. "What has happened?"

"Read, sire," said Bedingfeld, handing the missive he had just received to the King.

"Ha! is it so?" cried Philip, his countenance changing as he read the despatch. "Remove her, I pray you, my Lord Cardinal," he added to Pole.

"I will not go till I learn the truth," cried Constance, distractedly. "Speak, sir, I conjure you," she added to Bedingfeld.

"Better let her know the truth, be it what it may," said Pole.

"Ay, speak, Sir Henry—keep her not in sus-

pense," said the Queen. "The prisoner was well when you left the Tower—ha?"

"He was, madam, but——"

"But what?" demanded Mary.

"Since then he has died by poison," said Philip.

"By poison! how could it be procured?" asked the Queen.

"It appears to have been contained in a ring which he was unluckily allowed to wear," replied Philip.

"Is there no poison left for me, that I may join him?" cried Constance.

"Kind Heaven support her!" exclaimed Pole. "Her reason wanders."

"No, I am calm enough now," she rejoined.

"Then you may bear to hear that Osbert's last thoughts were given to you," said Philip. "This scrap of paper was found clutched in his dying grasp. On it are written the words, 'Farewell for ever, beloved Constance!' "

Taking the piece of crumpled paper from the

King, she gazed at it for a few moments, and then pressed it convulsively to her lips.

"Farewell, Osbert — farewell for ever!" she cried.

"No, not for ever," rejoined Pole, solemnly. "You will be united in a better world."

Praying the Cardinal to stay with her and console her, the King withdrew with D'Egmont and Bedingfeld.

Left alone with Pole and the Queen, Constance was permitted by them to indulge her grief without restraint before any attempt at consolation was made; but when these paroxysms were over, and she became calmer, the good Cardinal poured balm into her bruised spirit, and ceased not till his efforts were successful.

From that moment Constance became perfectly resigned—and though all youthful gaiety and lightness of heart deserted her, and her features wore an unvarying expression of melancholy and sadness, she never uttered a murmur. She would fain

have spent the rest of her life in solitude and retirement, but the Queen refused to part with her, and retained her with her to the close of her days.

With remarkable consideration, Mary did not interfere with her religious observances, but allowed her what she denied all others, freedom of conscience. This concession, however, on the Queen's part was made on the earnest recommendation of Cardinal Pole. Thus Constance continued unshaken in her faith. By her gentle assiduities she was enabled materially to alleviate the anguish of mind endured by the Queen during Philip's absence, and when at length Mary sunk after protracted suffering, her last moments were soothed by Constance Tyrrell.

III.

TWO LIGHTS EXTINGUISHED.

UPWARDS of three years had flown since the occurrences last narrated—three terrible years, during which religious persecution never ceased. Bradford and Marsh had perished at the stake, so had Ridley and Latimer, with many others, and Cranmer had won a martyr's crown. Gardiner had long gone to his account, being stricken with a mortal disease, while reading a letter describing the torments of Ridley and Latimer. He lingered for a month, and then dying, was buried with great pomp in Winchester Cathedral. But though Gar-

diner was gone, Bonner yet lived, and the barbarous proceedings against the Protestants were unrelaxed.

On Cranmer's death, Pole was immediately created Archbishop of Canterbury, and began to put into execution the plan he had long designed for reforming the abuses of the Church. Notwithstanding the opposition of the clergy, aided as they were by Paul IV., the then ruling Pontiff, whose displeasure Pole had incurred, he succeeded in effecting many beneficial changes, and would doubtless have accomplished much more, had he been spared, but in the very midst of his exertions he was attacked by a quartan ague, engendered by the pestilent exhalations from Lambeth marshes. By its extreme violence, the fever threatened from the first a fatal termination.

Though not unconscious of his danger, and, indeed, scarcely entertaining a hope of recovery, the Cardinal continued his labours during the intervals when he was free from fever. His chief

cause of concern at this moment was, that the Queen also was lying upon a sick couch, from which it was scarcely probable she could rise. Foreseeing the disastrous consequences to the Church of Rome which must inevitably ensue from her death, he felt so troubled in spirit that his mental anxiety added force to the attacks of the ague.

Throughout the Cardinal's illness, Priuli watched over him with unremitting solicitude, and such entire reliance had Pole in the judgment and devotion of his friend, that he confided everything to him. One day, when the Cardinal was free from fever, and he and Priuli were alone together in the library of Lambeth Palace, he requested his friend to unlock a small coffer which he pointed out, and at the same time gave him a key. Priuli obeyed, and on opening the coffer perceived within it a parchment, so endorsed as to leave him no doubt as to its nature.

"That is my will," said Pole. "I desire you to read it."

On perusing the document, Priuli found that the Cardinal had appointed him his sole heir and executor, whereupon, looking Pole earnestly in the face, he said, "I am glad you have consulted me on this matter, dear friend, and allowed me the opportunity of expressing my opinion upon it. It would have grieved me to disobey your injunctions, and yet I cannot conscientiously fulfil them. Readily will I undertake the office to which you have appointed me, and will carefully attend to your directions as to the distribution of your property, but with regard to the rich inheritance you would bestow upon me, I must peremptorily decline it. I cannot—will not accept any part of it. I thank you for the intent, but I am rich enough without this augmentation of my worldly goods."

"Distribute my possessions among the poor, or build churches and hospitals with them," rejoined

the Cardinal. "Whatever you do, will, I am sure, be for the best. But if you decline my bequest, at least accept some slight object, be it only a jewel or ring, to be kept as a memorial of our long friendship."

"I desire neither jewel nor ring, nor any other memorial richer than the breviary you constantly use," replied Priuli. "Of all gifts, I should value that the most."

"It shall be yours, dear friend," rejoined Pole. "I shall keep it as long as my eyes are able to fix upon it—as long as my hands will hold it—then take it. May it afford you the comfort it has ever afforded me, and draw you towards Heaven, as it has never failed to draw me."

Pole was constant in his inquiries after the Queen, and on her part Mary was equally anxious for information as to the state of his health. Messengers were continually passing between Lambeth Palace and Whitehall, but from neither place were the tidings satisfactory. On the contrary, the re-

ports of the condition of both illustrious sufferers grew worse, and it became a question as to which of the two would be the survivor. Pole prayed that he might be the first to depart—but it was not so ordained.

The grief felt by every member of the Cardinal's vast establishment for the deprivation which they felt they must soon undergo, was sincere and profound, but no one deplored his exalted master's precarious condition more deeply than Rodomont Bittern. The poor who thronged the gates of the palace, and received alms and food from Priuli, put up earnest prayers for their benefactor's recovery.

But the fever abated not, and though its attacks were somewhat mitigated in severity, still the Cardinal's debilitated frame was less able to withstand them. He daily grew weaker and weaker.

Notwithstanding his prostration, however, he was carried twice in each day to the chapel to hear mass. One evening after vespers, the large

easy-chair in which he reclined was wheeled into the library, and Priuli, who now seldom left him, took his accustomed place by his side. Four days having elapsed since the Cardinal's last attack, it was certain that the night would not pass without a return of the fever. Notwithstanding this, Pole was conversing cheerfully with his friend, when Rodomont Bittern entered to say that Mistress Constance Tyrrell was without, and desired to see his Eminence.

"Admit her straight," replied Pole. "She is ever welcome."

And the next moment Constance came in. The expression of her countenance, which was pale as death, struck Priuli, but did not appear to attract Pole's attention. Moving noiselessly towards the Cardinal, Constance knelt before him, while he spread his thin white hands over her head, and in feeble tones gave her his benediction.

"How fares the Queen?" inquired Pole, as

Constance arose. "She was somewhat easier this morning, as I understand."

"Her Majesty is easier now," replied Constance. "She is free from all pain."

"Is she gone?" inquired Pole, while a premonitory shiver shook his wasted frame.

"She is gone," rejoined Constance. "The heart that has so long suffered has ceased to beat."

"May the angels of Heaven receive her soul and present it before the Lord!" exclaimed Pole. "And may whatever sin she has committed in life through human frailty be forgiven her! Did her spirit pass away easily?"

"Most easily," replied Constance. "Her sole concern was for the welfare of her Church."

"The chief pillar of the Church is broken," cried Pole, in a voice of anguish; "and my hand, which might have helped to support the falling structure, is also powerless. *Domine, salva nos, perimus! Salvator Mundi, salva Ecclesiam tuam.*"

For some moments he remained in fervent prayer, after which he seemed calmer, and inquired if the Queen had said aught concerning the King her husband.

"She spoke not of him at the last," replied Constance, "but it would seem that the loss of Calais produced a deep impression on her, for she said, 'My physicians seek to know the cause of my malady. Let them open my breast, and they will find "Calais" graven on my heart.' "

"It was not the loss of Calais that broke her heart," said Pole. "Heaven forgive him who has brought her prematurely to the tomb. England has lost a great sovereign, and our Church its chief defence. Elizabeth is now Queen, and with her the Protestant Church will be restored. Fortunately, I shall not live to see that day. Farewell, dear daughter. My blessing be ever upon you!"

Finding that the fever was coming on, he caused himself to be transported to his chamber, and was

laid upon the couch which he was never again to leave with life.

Towards morning his condition became alarming, and he received extreme unction, the last rites being performed by the Bishop of St. Asaph. This done, after some words to Priuli, he clasped to his breast the crucifix, which he had ever with him, and seemed to sink into a gentle slumber. And so he breathed his last.

Crucifix and breviary were kept as sacred relics by Priuli.

In the chapel of Saint Thomas à Becket, which he himself built in Canterbury Cathedral, rests the saintly Reginald Pole. This simple inscription is placed over his tomb:

DEPOSITUM CARDINALIS POLI.

THE END.

C. WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.